

June, 1939

The **Liguorian**



The World's Best-Seller
C. D. McEnniry

•

From The Stage To God (Part I)
A. T. Zeller

•

Credit Without Collateral (Story)
E. F. Miller

•

Domestic Scene (Drama)
D. F. Miller

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AMONGST OURSELVES

The month of June is studded with topics of interest to almost everyone. It is the month of the Sacred Heart; the month of brides; the month of graduation; the month of ordinations to the priesthood; the month, for many, of vacation and rest from a year of toil. Every one of these topics has not only a passing interest, but some everlasting significance for those involved. Among the pointed paragraphs this month you will find that everlasting significance of the events of June pointed out—briefly, sharply, clearly. Don't fail to read them, even if you are busy and have no time to read the longer articles your LIGUORIAN contains. Life is too short to be allowed to pass by without sending the mind now and then beneath the surface of things, there to find out what really matters and what doesn't. Desolate lands are still made by those who do no thinking in their hearts.

The Liguorian

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CONTENTS

Articles

	PAGE
THE WORLD'S BEST-SELLER - - - - -	315
C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.	
FROM THE STAGE TO GOD - - - - -	335
A. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.	
ESSAY ON CLOTHES - - - - -	343
E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.	
OPEN LETTER TO GENERAL FRANCO - - -	349
C. DUHART, C.Ss.R.	
PIUS XII - - - - -	355
C. M. HENZE, C.Ss.R.	

Stories

THE RENEGADE - - - - -	320
F. A. RYAN, C.Ss.R.	
CREDIT WITHOUT COLLATERAL - - - - -	321
E. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.	
DOMESTIC SCENE (Drama) - - - - -	329
D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.	

Miscellaneous

THE OBJECTS OF MARRIAGE - - - - -	328
THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN - - - - -	342
L. F. HYLAND, C.Ss.R.	
MOMENTS AT MASS (Gloria) - - - - -	348
F. A. BRUNNER, C.Ss.R.	
QUESTION OF THE MONTH - - - - -	354
JOB-SEEKER - - - - -	361
L. M. MERRILL, C.Ss.R.	

Departments

CATHOLIC ANECDOTES - - - - -	362
POINTED PARAGRAPHS - - - - -	364
LIGUORIANA - - - - -	370
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	372
CATHOLIC COMMENT - - - - -	374
LUCID INTERVALS - - - - -	376

FIRST MASS

To the loveliest kindest creature I know,
(Barring Our Lady alone!)
The lady who tucked me away in her heart
Before I was known.

To the patiently nimble miraculous hands
That rocked me off softly to rest:
The dough-dappled fingers, the thimble-spent thumbs
That gave of their best.

To the eyes smartly stinging with spatters of suds
Aching nightly at needle and spool:
The eyes that remember when all I could do
Was to whimper and drool.

To the lips that first taught me of Heaven and Hell
While the twilight increased,
To the tongue whose incessant victorious prayer
Has made me a priest.

A toast, then. But Mother, the costliest wine
Were at most but a beggarly slight
Though it sparkled dark in the clinking cups
Over silver and candle-light.

But God has provided the Cup of the Mass,
Else naught had sufficed
To fittingly hail you; so Mother I rise
And in whispers I toast you with Christ.

— J. J. Galvin, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

THE WORLD'S BEST-SELLER

C. D. McENNIRY

FANNY BLESSIG struck a Macbethian pose. "Hark! I hear footsteps."

"You will hear more than footsteps presently," growled Bernard Raab. "That is Father Casey coming up. He will want to know the reason why we spent the last hour in a gabfest instead of preparing those sodality-retreat lists he is waiting for. But, gosh, who can do any serious work with a bunch of empty-headed Janes cluttering up the club room!"

"Oh yeah! At least there is hope of getting something into an empty head, which cannot be said of a dome of solid ivory."

"Who is it? Is it Father Casey?"

"Help! Hellup! I'm sunk!" And Delizia Hogan slumped into the broken Morris chair.

"Whazzamatter, Delizia? Did you swallow a tack?"

"Help, somebody! Quick! Father Casey threatened he was going to quiz me on the Sunday sermon every week until I learned to pay attention. For the life of me I cannot remember what it was about. Tell me, somebody!"

"I remember," said Fanny, "he had on a new surplice with that marvelous five-point lace. — I wonder who made it. — But I cannot remember the sermon."

"I can remember the Gospel, but not the sermon," said Richard Ranaghan.

"Same here." "Same here." Echoes came from various corners of the room.

At that moment Father Casey threw open the door. "God save all here. What weighty discussion am I interrupting? Have you those lists ready for me?"

Before anybody could think up a plausible fib, Gabriella Flanders was speaking — to the universal horror, for Miss Flanders was capable of saying anything — even the plain, unvarnished truth.

"Father, we were trying to recall what you preached about this

THE LIGUORIAN

morning. 'Sfunny, we could all remember the Gospel, but not one person in the room could recall the sermon."

"Ah, Gabriella!" they protested in chorus.

"WHY are you all cracking down on poor Gabriella?" the priest asked innocently.

"The idea of her saying that to your face!" said Fanny.

"We know your humility and patience, Father Casey, but still there are limits. If somebody would say that to a lawyer about his speech, I can imagine his reaction," said Ranaghan, who was a lawyer himself.

"Now I understand. You are referring to professional jealousy. *Mea culpa*, I am not so free from that as I ought to be. If, for example, you said Father Havlichek's sermons, down at St. Wenceslaus, were heavenly and mine rotten, I shouldn't feel a bit happy over it. But when you say the sermons of Christ, the Son of God, make a deeper impression on you than those of a poor blundering human being like me — why, I shouldn't and wouldn't expect you to say anything different. It is evident."

"That is a fact, isn't it, Father? The Gospels are sermons by Our Lord Himself."

"I suppose that is why the Gospels are so mercilessly to the point," said Stephen Tighe. "Our Lord knows us inside-out, and so He puts His finger right on the sore spot. That Gospel about the mote and the beam is the one that always hits me right between the eyes."

"Every Gospel in the book hits *me* between the eyes," Gerald Dambach confessed.

"The Gospel about Jesus curing the man born blind, and the Pharisees putting the poor fellow through the third degree, and the old folks trying to pass the buck — that is inimitable, it could have happened yesterday, right in our town."

"And the good Samaritan and the Magdalen."

"It is the Gospel about the Lost Sheep and the Gospel about the Prodigal Son that give me a lift. How long will it be before they come around again?"

"For a masterpiece of brevity and directness, for an exposition of the interior workings of the human heart, suited to every age and every place, as all true literature must be, 'Two Men Went up into the Temple

to Pray,' is superb."

"And there are so many other beautiful parables in the Gospels. Why doesn't the Church change off so that those parables would come in too?"

"In our little country place back home our old pastor used to read the Gospel of the Mass in English every day, even week days, during Lent. And how we all loved it!"

"Oh, wouldn't that be an extraordinary lift! It seems to me that the assisting at Mass and hearing the Gospel every morning would just naturally put one into the true spirit of Lent. Why can't —. But of course Father Casey could not do it in a big city church like St. Mary's. Every Mass must end on schedule time so we can be on the job when the whistle blows."

"It is a pity though, don't you think? that it cannot be done. The Gospels are really so helpful. If we could only hear them oftener and more fully."

FATHER Casey had been an attentive listener all through this unusual "Commentary on the Gospels." Now he too had his say: "Poor St. Mary's Club! How sad to learn that all these naturally bright young people are illiterate!"

"What do you mean, Father?"

"I mean it is too bad none of you knows how to read."

They gaped at him puzzled. Was the good man wandering in his mind — or what?

"You deplore that you cannot hear the Gospels oftener and more fully. You profess how much some Gospels help you and how you wish you could hear them more frequently than once a year. Then why on earth don't you *read* them? If you are not illiterate, why don't you read them yourselves?"

"You mean read the Bible?"

"I do mean read the Bible — at least that part of the Bible called the four Gospels. I would say read the whole Bible, if you had had the opportunity of taking a course in Bible interpretation, so that you would be able to understand what you are reading and to profit by it. Since you have not had that opportunity, I would say read the New Testament, especially the Gospels according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John."

"I do try to read something pious every once in a while," said Gabriella, "but I had never thought of reading the Gospels."

"Reading something pious every day, especially lives of the saints, is an excellent practice," he replied, "but the best of all reading is the life and words of the Saint of saints, the Man-God, Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

"That is a splendid idea — strange we never thought of it before. I am going to get me a New Testament tomorrow and go through the four Gospels." Richard Ranaghan registered his good resolution.

"Do not be content with merely 'going through' them, Richard," the priest cautioned. "Rather make them your lifelong companions."

"You advise reading them over and over?"

"Didn't I hear you all declare how pleased you are when certain Sunday Gospels recur? Which shows you can derive benefit from them, no matter how often you review them. In the Gospel story Jesus tells you, both by word and example, what He wants you to believe, what He wants you to do, what He wants you to be. By His divine power and wisdom He has crystallized so much in these brief pages that you could read them over and over a thousand times and always find new light and strength and inspiration. A Christian is a follower of Christ. To imitate Christ, you must know Him. No book will teach you that lesson so well as the Gospels."

"I am going to follow Ranaghan's example and get me a copy of the New Testament," Gerald Dambach declared; "but knowing how many resolutions I have taken and broken in the past, I cannot give any assurance how long this new-found enthusiasm is going to last."

IF YOU adopt that frivolous attitude," Father Casey warned, "no prophet is needed to foretell that your New Testament will soon be gathering dust on your book shelf. These are not the times to take supernatural things lightly. The spirit of Christ and the spirit of evil are coming to grips. Whoever is not with Christ — every moment of the day and every day of the week — is against Him. Unless our Catholics wake up and practice more than the mere mechanical outward forms of religion, we shall see wholesale apostasy from the Church. Each individual Catholic has an apostolate to exercise — and a strict account to render as to how he has exercised it, especially such as you members of St. Mary's Club, who have opportunities above the average

THE LIGURIAN

and who should be the nucleus of a more vigorous religious movement. Christ counts on you. That is why He gave you these opportunities. You must not fail Him. Study Christ, copy Christ, put on Christ, until all your conduct, all your words, are Christlike. Then you will exercise an influence for Christ upon everybody with whom you come in contact—in the office, in the shop, on vacation, at the ball game, everywhere. This means getting down to serious business, using practical and efficient means to form your souls. One practical means, which you could adopt at once, is the daily reading of the Gospel."

"How would you advise us to go about it?"

"Do not attempt too much. But whatever you begin, stick to it. Try reading the Gospels for five minutes every night before you go to bed—but *every* night, not just occasionally when you happen to be in the mood. That will give you salutary food for thought while you are falling asleep, and so your first waking thought on the morrow will bring you face to face with your dignity and duties as a Christian and will strengthen your soul for the battles of the coming day," said Father Casey.

Credentials

He was a porter in a New York Station. His hair was kinky and gray, his skin was black, but his face was kindly and his voice soft. He carried two bags of books I had from the subway to the railroad.

Half way to our destination he showed me a medal of Pope Pius XI which he carried in his pocket. "I belong to the Holy Name," he said, "and also the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Down our way we have lots of people to take care of." I looked at him again. Now I knew what it was that gave the gentle, tranquil look to his dark and wrinkled features. But he had more to say.

"It sure is a great comfort to go from place to place and find our religion always the same. Ain't no other religion in the world like that. Always the same Mass, same Sacraments, same priests, same services. It sure makes you feel certain."

Some say it takes much study to learn the Catholic faith well enough to accept it. The colored porter proved that it is not so. He was not widely read nor deeply studied. Yet he *knew*.

THE RENEGADE

F. A. Ryan

He was tall and straight and handsome. He was a great leader and a great mixer. They put him on many civic committees and delegations because he could handle almost any situation well. He knew everybody, could talk with anybody, could even give wonderful advice.

There was only one thing peculiar about him. He was a fallen-away Catholic. Once upon a time he had gone to Mass on Sundays. He had knelt down at Communion rails and received Holy Communion. He had said prayers, as simply, as humbly as any Catholic, that is to say, as any child.

All that was passed now. He could produce the most gracious, tolerant smile you ever saw when the subject of religion arose. The smile was one of those smiles that almost talks, and what it said was this:

"Religion? Stuff and nonsense. Oh, it's all right for women and children—but we men, we thinkers, we leaders can see right through it. It's the bunk."

You say you've met him? No doubt you have. He lives in every city, in almost every neighborhood of the land. And you've often wondered about him. You've even had a fleeting doubt about your own faith because he seemed such a good man, such a generous man, such a capable man, and that without any religion to speak about at all. Could religion matter so much after all?

Such thoughts came to you only because you did not know the whole story. Let me tell you the story. It is true that once upon a time he was a faithful, intelligent Catholic. No one could have destroyed his faith with an intellectual argument alone. But something else could. You wouldn't have any chance of knowing, but this is what happened.

Many years ago he wanted something he couldn't have. He wanted a divorced woman when his faith said no. Or he wanted to practice contraception, when God, the Church, nature, and his conscience all said it was a crime. He wanted a crooked political deal (not publicly "smelly," you understand, but one of those *sub rosa* things that makes a man rich and makes him unfit to live with his conscience). Anyway, he wanted this and wanted it badly and his faith kept saying: You can't have it—God says it is wrong.

For a while he compromised and played the hypocrite. He went to Church and carried his sin in and carried it out again. Then, after months of this, God stepped in and took his faith away. He thought he quit believing of his own accord; he doesn't know himself that God lifted his faith right out of his soul.

So when he slaps you on the back and says: "Well, I used to be a Catholic, but I gave it up;" don't shrink too openly from his touch. Don't say what you'd like to say—that you prefer not to be touched by the hand of a man whose soul has been touched by the finger of God and shrivelled away.

CREDIT WITHOUT COLLATERAL

This could be a parable, because it happens so often. Not always in regard to organs — but often enough with other needs of those whose cash account is very small. Try it some time.

E. F. MILLER

"I SAY there, what are you doing?" I cried out to the two hairy-looking men who were loading large bundles of pipes and tubes into a truck that stood in the front of the Sisters' Academy. I had parked my car and was on my way up the steps to visit Sister Maureen, my little T.B. patient, who occupied a room behind the chapel. "What are you doing with that stuff?"

"What are we doing with this stuff?" answered the more hairy of the two. Turning to his companion, he asked. "What *are* we doing with this stuff, Harry? Wait! Don't tell me, I know. We're taking the organ away with us — away, far away. How does that suit you?" He went on with his loading.

"Taking the organ away!" I exclaimed. "But what's the idea? Aren't they going to have organ music in the chapel anymore?"

"Ask me another, mister. I went only as far as the eighth grade."

I didn't wait for the answer but dashed up the steps and rang the bell. Some foolishness was afoot and a man was needed to look into it.

Of course it wasn't precisely any of my business to look into it, for organs and all the sounds that emerge from organs were as foreign to me as Hebrew and the Turks. Sisters too were not exactly in my line. I was a small town doctor concerned only with aches and pains, and interested only in checking their sway in human bodies. Thus I was entirely unequipped to pass judgment on organs or to plunge unassisted into the melee of Sisters' troubles. Yet I held in high esteem the convent where the organ had had its seat for it was there that I met Sister Maureen.

Sister Maureen was a fair and fragile piece of humanity through whose services I had come to see the light of faith some two years before. All my life I had been a skeptic, an unbeliever with but one conviction, namely, that what could not be seen by the eyes and felt with the hands and subjected to an X-ray simply did not exist. Religion was

THE LIGURIAN

no more to me than a myth or a fairy tale. And then the miracle happened in which Sister Maureen, who a moment before was packed to the tip of her head with T.B. germs, came back to health as though she had never been touched. The cure was instantaneous and complete. I saw it; I examined her; I know: It effected my cure too.

The fact that she relapsed a year and a half later did not weaken my newly-found faith; rather it strengthened it, for I saw in the relapse another miracle greater perhaps than the first. Sister Maureen in health had become worldly with the worldly and was in danger of losing her vocation. In sickness she had been doing a tremendous work in bringing courage to the down-hearted and in saving souls by her prayers and by her spirit of resignation. I'm convinced that she did more good in her bed than an army of eloquent preachers in their pulpits. And so God just made her sick again for her own sake and for the sake of others.

Thus I had more than a little interest in the convent where Sister Maureen lived. Whenever I felt low, I walked into her room, stayed for a few minutes and came out restrengthened and reassured that all was right with the world. This may sound as though I'm falling into my dotage. Whether it does or not I don't care. I know my own experience and that is enough.

WHILE these reflections were occupying my mind, I was passing through the massive oaken grating that towered to the ceiling at the top of the steps just inside the door of the Academy, was following Sister Michael, the portress, down through the chapel, past the sacristy, around a couple of corners, and finally into the spotless bareness of Sister Maureen's room. She was lying there like a queen on a throne, the usual smile on her lips and the splotches of red in her cheeks which were the telltale marks of her disease.

Again I marveled at her composure and apparent ease in the midst of suffering. Though she had never mingled in the world or known its great ones or learned their ways, she always gave the impression of having a perfect command of herself. There are some whom I have met who seemed to be afraid of a shadow, and when you approached them they backed away as though you were made of fire crackers and would start exploding any minute. Not so Sister Maureen. I am confident that she could hold her own and by the charm of her personality be

THE LIGURIAN

the center of attraction in the courts of kings as easily as she could be the ministering angel (accepted not as a social worker but as a friend) in the humble homes of the poor. A kind of innocence joined with high natural gifts gave her a stature reached by few.

I wasn't long in getting down to business. Without any preliminary questions according to my custom, I drew up a chair alongside her bed, and said:

"Good morning, Sister. A beautiful morning. What's happening out in front there? They tell me that they're carrying away the organ."

"Why, good morning, doctor, good morning. I'm so glad to see you," she answered. "How are you feeling." She looked at me solicitously. "I hope that you took my good advice and stopped overworking."

"I'm fine, fine, thank you. And of course I'm not overworking. But about that organ. What's up?"

She opened her eyes wide and very innocently asked. "The organ? Is something wrong with it. Oh, I know! You want to play it. But I didn't know you played the organ, doctor."

"Fiddlesticks!" I exploded. "Of course I don't want to play it. You know as well as I do that I can't tell one note from another. You're holding out on me. There's something fishy around here that needs fixing. Now out with it."

"Doctor, I'm surprised at you," she said in that same innocent tone of voice. "If we don't want organ music, what's wrong with that? I hear that most of that new church music is supposed to be sung without the organ anyway. So why clutter up the chapel with a lot of pipes and things? They just get in the way when the Sisters want to houseclean."

"You can't kid me, my dear Sister. I know that that organ would stay put if something funny hadn't happened. Maybe I can help and that's why I want the story."

SHE was reluctant to speak. Finally she said. "It's this way. I don't know all the details only what the Sisters tell me. They said that the bank where we keep our money failed some months ago and we lost just about everything we saved up. It was at that time we bought the new organ. All we could do to save the Academy and meet expenses was send the old thing back. We couldn't meet the bills on it anyway as they came in."

"But wouldn't they hold you over until you could straighten things out?"

"I don't know, but I guess not. Funny, isn't it? Usually people are pretty good to Sisters."

My mind was working pretty fast, and my anger at organ builders was rising apace. I arose from my chair and pushed it in the corner. Very quietly I said. "I'll fix that. Wait till I get done with those organ grinders. The noise they make won't be like the noise that comes out of an organ."

"Listen, doctor, you sit down there and don't be foolish. I have a better scheme of bringing them to time than a thousand schemes that you could think of. Now you just forget the whole affair and let's talk about the weather."

I looked down at her suspiciously. "What kind of a business have you cooked up now?" It was hard to say just what was running through that mind. "You can't do anything. You're sick. Leave it to me. I'm going down and talk to those people." I stormed out of the room and out of the convent without even saying good morning to Reverend Mother. In less than half an hour I was at the organ office.

"I want to see the manager," I said to the girl at the desk nearest the door, "and I want to see him fast." She spoke into a phone and immediately I was ushered into the inner sanctum, a beautiful room with heavy carpets and high paneled walls. A man was seated at a desk, and he was all smiles as he stood up on my entry and reached out his hand to grasp my own like a long lost brother.

"Glad to meet you, Mister . . ." he began.

"Doctor," I corrected him. "But introductions are unnecessary. I have come here to see about an organ which is being removed from the Sisters' Academy in my home town. You probably know which organ I am referring to. All I want to know is: why is it being removed?" I stood up belligerently and waited for the answer.

"Well, now, my dear sir, you will undoubtedly understand how it is when you know all the facts of that peculiar case. It is not that we are without a heart — witness our generous donations to the charity drive that the city launched — but the Sisters were unable to pay for the organ, and gave no signs of ever being able to pay, and so we had no choice but to remove it."

"No choice?" I actually snorted. "Did you ever hear of any Sisters welching on a debt? Do you really think that you'll be cheated out of your money? Do you know anything about the life of self-sacrifice that

Sisters lead? But that's beside the point. If you and your company had an ounce of humanity, you wouldn't worry whether you ever got your money."

"That is all very fine," he sighed sanctimoniously, "but business is business. You must remember that we are not running an institution of charity. I believe that the city to which we pay large taxes is the organization duly equipped to handle all such unfortunate situations."

There was no use in arguing or carrying on any longer, so I seized my hat and departed. But I had to find a means of preventing the calamity from becoming an accomplished fact. If I would have had some money myself the problem would have been settled. But I was dead broke. Giving that five thousand to the church as a contribution towards a new parish center had drained me to the last penny, and I was lucky to have enough left for gasoline, not to say anything about organs. I hadn't had a new suit since my conversion, and had even gone sparingly on hair cuts in order to have more for the multitude of worthy causes that had suddenly sprung up. There was no hope in my quarter. But perhaps there was some amongst my friends.

FOR two weeks I made the rounds from one wealthy man to another, sandwiching visits between my calls on the sick. From one and all I heard the same old story: depression, poor business, no money. Later on perhaps, but not right now. I lost more than one so-called friend, due to the pointed remarks I made when long faces and the same old catch phrases were given me as answer to my request. It made me boiling mad. I visited them in their homes—palatial homes, furnished with everything that could add comfort and ease; I saw them riding in their big cars, and lounging in their private clubs; I tracked them to their expensive country golf links where they relaxed after the fashion of a king on vacation. And yet not a red cent did I get for the Sisters. One man said to me.

"Do you know how I made my money?"

"Not exactly," I answered.

"I worked for it." And after a pause to allow the force of that message to sink into my ignorant brain, he went on.

"And do you know how I keep my money?"

I might have hazarded an answer, but again I preferred to say. "Not exactly."

THE LIGURIAN

"I saved it," he said. And that was what I got from him.

What can you do with men like that? I was discouraged, though I'm not the one that should be. Most of my practice has been on the other side of the tracks, and most of my services are still unrewarded. I've had tough breaks in some of the operations that I performed; I've met ingratitude of a kind that would turn mostly anyone into a hater of humanity. But I was always able to rise above the setbacks that came my way. This time, however, I was really down. For anyone to be so stingy when every dollar given to such a cause would most certainly bring back five in happiness and blessings seemed to me to be the very height of selfishness. I climbed into my car to visit the convent and announce to Sister Maureen my failure.

Again I parked in front of the Academy, and again I saw a large moving van directly before the door. But this time two men — the same two men — were carrying large bundles of pipes and tubes into the convent instead of out of it. For a moment I stopped and watched them, wondering just what had happened now. Then I spoke.

"What's in the air now, my friends?"

"Only bringing your organ back."

"It's not my organ. But how come?"

"It's a long story and we won't trouble you. It's enough to say that we think the boss is pure crazy. We get orders one day to take this thing out and we do. No sooner do we finish when we get another order to put it back. He's slipping, so if you're out for a job . . ."

I WENT up and rang the bell, and again the journey began with Sister Michael in the lead through the oaken barrier, down the side aisle of the chapel, past the sacristy, around a few corners and into Sister Maureen's room.

"Sister," I said as soon as I found a chair, "do you know what they are doing now? Bringing the organ back in. Did somebody leave you a fortune?"

"No, doctor," she answered. "Fortunes don't come so fast and free to us out here." She smiled in such a way that I knew she held a secret that she wasn't going to tell. I'd try anyway. This was interesting.

"What happened then? I spoke to every business man in town, and

always it was the same story. Depression and all that sort of thing. I wouldn't give ten cents for the whole lot of them. Stingy as they come, and bigoted too, I think. That's most likely the reason of their refusal. Come on, tell me, how come the organ got back safe and sound?"

"Didn't I tell you that you shouldn't have bothered? There are better ways of getting what you want than hitting people over the head."

"Name one," I demanded.

Sister Maureen laughed. "Oh, there are lots." With that she raised her arm to reach for a glass of water at her side, and as she did, a twinge of pain crossed her face. Quickly she put her arm back on the bed. I noticed it at once and stood up to investigate.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Aren't you feeling well this morning?"

"It's nothing at all, nothing," she responded, flushing deeply. "Let's talk about the weather. Nice day, isn't it?"

"But it is something," I said. "I still can see even though I can't do much else." I took her arm and felt it gently. Just above the elbow there was a swelling. I raised her sleeve, and there, encircling her arm was a wire chain covered with sharp points, the points cutting into the flesh. I quickly removed it.

"Of all the silly things you have ever done, this is the silliest. Haven't you enough penance already without adding more? Sister, I'm amazed at you. I thought you had better sense."

"You shouldn't be," she answered. "You're a Catholic now and therefore you must have heard the words: 'only by penance are these cast out.'"

"Yes, but I insist, you should have sense enough to know that your sickness is quite enough penance. You'll only hurt yourself if you insist on acting so foolishly with things like this." I held up the chain. "Anyway, what has that text got to do with the business in hand? Where's the connection?"

Sister Maureen smiled and said. "Doctor, go out and see how they're getting on with the organ; then come back and report. You see, in this case the organ was not cast out, but cast in." I looked down at the chain in my hand, felt its sharp edges. Then I got it.

My conclusion is that penance when done by anybody is powerful; when done by a saint, it's dynamite.

Three Minute Instruction

THE OBJECTS OF MARRIAGE

Marriage is one of the most fundamental props of civilization, as well as a vocation ordained by God for the majority of human beings. As a prop of civilization, it has certain ends that must be attained if society is to endure; as a vocation for individuals, its fulfillment depends on the preservation of certain goods that are inherent in the very idea of true marriage. St. Augustine lists these goods as three:

1. *The good of offspring.* Marriage is primarily the Creator's means of perpetuating the human race by the begetting and educating of offspring. The good of offspring demands of a married couple that they use their marriage rights only in such a way that the begetting of children is not hindered; and that, once begotten and born, their children be cared for and educated and formed according to the god-like and Christ-like ideal.

2. *The good of fidelity or faith.* Unless there be fidelity or unswerving faith between husband and wife, marriage is but a mockery of what God intends it to be. This good of fidelity demands that husband and wife live up to their contract of submitting to one another in those things necessary for the begetting of children, and that they admit no adulterous thoughts, words, or actions into their lives.

3. *The good of the Sacrament.* Christ raised marriage to the form of a sacrament in order to make more firm and indestructible the indissolubility that it has by nature. The good of the Sacrament therefore demands that husband and wife exclude every thought and every possibility of divorce from one another. The permanence of marriage till death is no longer merely a demand of nature, it is confirmed in a Sacrament, and to think of or to seek a divorce is to attack a sacrament instituted by Christ.

The thought of these necessary goods of marriage should seriously influence the weeks and months of preparation that actually precede the marriage ceremony. Intended husbands and wives must seriously consider beforehand whether they, in partnership, are going to be able to attain these necessary goods that God has ordained.

DOMESTIC SCENE

DRAMA IN ONE BIG ACT

D. F. MILLER

Characters:

Joan (Wife)

Jack (Husband)

Junior (Child)

Jim (Friend)

Radio

(The Scene: The living room, Sunday afternoon. The Sunday paper is scattered about on chairs, the sofa and the floor. Junior is lying on his stomach reading the comic section. The husband is sitting in his favorite chair, smoking, reading the sport sheet, and turning the dial of the radio to a different station every now and then. The wife enters from kitchen as the curtain rises, fumbling with her hair to put it in order. She drops into a chair).

Joan: Just look at this mess. These Sunday papers are a nuisance and it is usually Wednesday before we get them all out of the house. Where is the society section?

Jack: M-Fmphf.

(Joan gets up and begins searching through the scattered sections of the paper.)

Joan (While still looking for the society section): Why in heaven's name anyone wants to print all this junk is a mystery to me. Just look at this. Ads, ads, ads. But then I suppose there are people who can afford to buy all these nice things that are advertised. *(With a nasty look at Jack.)* But we're still scraping and paying bills and sitting around doing nothing.

(She finds the society section and sits down to read. At the same instant Jack tunes in a ball game while the entire volume of the radio is turned on. A voice screams through the room:)

Radio: Two men out, three men on, and Baxter at bat. What a spot, ladies and gentlemen, for one of those good old four-baggers. Here's where the game can be all tied up. . . "

THE LIGUORIAN

Joan (Holding her ears): Jack! JACK! For heaven's sake, please, please. . . .

Jack: Sh! sh! It's the Blues and the Lions. Come on you Baxter.

Radio: The pitcher is all set; he's winding up; here it comes, right down the middle for strike one. Baxter didn't even — "

(Joan has walked over and turned down the radio to a whisper. Jack bends his head over the radio trying to hear, and then turns away in disgust.)

Jack: Aw, Joan, can't a fellow even listen to the radio? All week I sit in the office working my head off to keep things going around here, and on Sunday afternoon you don't even want me to hear a ball game. *(Turns up volume.)* There now, that's not too loud, and at least I can hear it.

Radio: Struck him out! Baxter went down swinging at a fast one. That ends the third inning: no runs, two hits, one error, three men left on base.

Joan: You and your old ball game. What about me — slaving all week to keep the house from looking like a barn, getting Junior off to school, cooking your meals, and on Sunday afternoon we just sit and listen to the radio.

Junior (Bringing a comic page to Jack and spreading it out on his knee): Daddy, what does this mean? I can't read it. Right there, Daddy.

Jack: That says: "Now, men, we'll surround the house, and as soon as he shows his noggin we'll pump him full of lead."

Radio: There it goes! Jones hits a line drive to the right center field wall. He's rounding second, he pulls up at third with a triple to his credit. Nobody out. Robinson's coming to bat.

Junior: What's a noggin, Daddy?

Jack: What? Eh? Oh, that means his head. Listen, Junior, listen to the nice ball game. It's exciting.

Junior (Continuing to push the paper in front of his father): But why do they want to pump him full of lead?

Jack: Because he's a criminal, I guess. Listen, Junior. The ball game. Robinson is full of lead—I mean Robinson is up. Ye gods, wait till after the ball game, and then I'll read the whole blamed paper to you.

THE LIGUORIAN

Joan: Is that the way you're going to treat your son the only day you have any chance to see him? A kind father you are.

Radio: Robinson hits a short fly to left center field. Jones is going to try to score after the catch. There he goes — here comes the throw — he's — he's —

Joan: You ought to be ashamed not to take more interest in your son. After all, you were a child yourself once.

Jack: He must have been out. I don't hear any cheering.

Joan: And anyway, what we ought to be doing is going out riding on a nice afternoon like this, or at least visiting some of our friends. I'm afraid we're not going to have many friends left if we go on this way much longer.

Jack: Aw, you know the car is out of order, and we can't afford to have it fixed right now. Anyway, I'm too tired to go breezing around. I like to sit down with my shoes off and rest on a Sunday afternoon.

Junior: Daddy, let's go out to the park and ride on the merry-go-round.

Jack: The merry-go-round! Why, Junior. Don't you know we might all get sick if we rode on the merry-go-round? We might get dizzy and fall off and then where would we be?

Joan: Tsk, ts! Telling the child such nonsense. Aren't you ashamed?

Jack: I can't say that I am. This must be Scott coming to bat. They just got him from Chattanooga. Mighty promising young rookie. Come on, Scotty, hit it on the nose.

Radio: Scott hits a little dribbler to the pitcher. He scoops it up and throws him out at first.

Jack: Aw, shucks!

Joan: While we are at it, now, did you ask for that raise last week?

Jack: Aw, heck, Joan, a fellow can't just barge into the boss's office and ask for a raise any time he wants. Listen, here comes Schultz to the plate.

Joan: Any man with an ounce of gumption could.

Radio: Ball one. Almost hit him in the head.

Joan: We'd be on easy street by now if you had followed my advice.

Radio: Ball two.

Joan: I'd like to give that boss of yours a piece of my mind.

Radio: Ball three.

THE LIGURIAN

Junior: Daddy, what's a G-man? See, it says G-man right here.

Jack: Its a ball. I mean, what did you say, Junior?

Joan: When will the ball game be over? Does it take all afternoon?

Jack (Snapping off the radio): Its over right now as far as I'm concerned. Its impossible to hear it anyway with all the talking going on around here. Ye gods! What a life! A man looks for a quiet Sunday afternoon and it gets to be a crime just to listen to a ball game. Some day I'm going to rebel. Some day I'm going to start swearing. I'll do something desperate. I'll — I'll — ”

Joan: Junior, come here. Don't go near him. He might hurt you.

Jack: That's right, don't come near me. I'm liable to do anything. *(Swings his arms around wildly, bites savagely on his pipe and then settles back sullenly to read his paper. Wife takes Junior on her lap and settles back reading the society section. A heavy silence ensues.)*

(Doorbell rings. Joan and Jack both look at door, then at one another. She looks down at Junior in her lap, and Jack takes the hint and goes to the door.)

Jack: Hello, Jim. Come right in. Glad to see you. How's May?

Jim (Looking around at a very peaceful scene before him: Joan with Junior in her lap, Jack with pipe in his mouth and paper in his hand. Joan puts Junior down and rises smilingly to greet him): She's gone, Jack. Gone.

Jack: Gone? Gone where?

Jim: She left me. We had a squabble about my job. She wanted me to look for something better — oh, it doesn't matter. She's gone.

Joan: Oh, Jim, I'm so sorry.

Jim: She left the day before yesterday. I just couldn't stand it any longer. I had to come over here. I didn't know it would be so hard — seeing you here — sitting around so peacefully — enjoying the quiet Sunday afternoon — it makes me realize what I've lost. I want to ask you, Jack, can't you do something for me? Or you, Joan? She always liked you. She might listen to you. And you can tell her how swell you get along, and how we might do it too if she'd give me another chance.

(Husband and wife dart a quick look at each other.)

Joan: Why certainly, Jim. We'll be glad to do anything we can. Where did May go, do you know?

Jim: Back to her Mother's, I think. She said she was through for

THE LIGUORIAN

good. Said she couldn't take it any more. And it was all my fault. I don't know what to do.

Jack: Don't worry, old man. We'll fix this thing up for you, won't we, Joan? We'll go over and call on May together. Why, you two were made for each other, and this will turn out to be just a passing squall.

Jim (Brightening): Say that's swell of you. I know if you two go to bat for me everything will work out. Believe me, I won't let anything come up to make her leave me again. This taught me a lesson. And besides it made me realize how much I love her.

Joan: We'll try to bring her back ourselves, Jim, and start you all over.

Jim: And if we do start over, we're going to be just like you two — that is, as much like you as we can. I know I am, anyway. I feel a lot better already, so I'll go along now.

Jack: Oh stick around a while, Jim. You're welcome.

Jim: No, I'm not in a mood for being half-decent company. I'll be seeing you later, won't I?

Jack: You bet you will.

(Jim leaves. Jack and Joan stand where they were when saying goodbye to Jim. They look long at each other before speaking.)

Joan (Timidly): Don't you think you'd enjoy the ball game, dear? Why don't you turn it on?

Jack: I was just thinking that maybe we could take a walk or even go out to the park and give Junior a ride on the merry-go-round.

Junior: Oh goody, goody. But won't we get sick Daddy?

Jack: I hardly think so.

Joan: But I insist that you hear the rest of the ball game first. You don't have much chance for that, you know. *(She comes over and touches his arm. Jacks looks down on her and suddenly puts his arm around her shoulder.)*

Jack: It really doesn't matter, does it? After all, we're together, aren't we? And whatever we do, we'll do together, won't we?

Joan: It was all my fault, Jack. I was mean and catty and silly. You won't let me run away, will you?

Jack: You bet I won't. But I was afraid you might do it anyway when I showed you what a fierce temper I had. But its gone now. You won't see it anymore.

THE LIGURIAN

Joan: I don't care if I do, Jack. I'll know that I deserve it when you get angry. Now turn on the ball game like a good boy. Or here, I'll turn it on for you.

Radio: . . . long fly to center field. The center-fielder goes back, back, back, he's got it — the game is over.

Junior: Who won, Daddy?

Jack: We all did, Junior. That was the greatest game ever played. Come on now, we're off for the merry-go-round.

A Universal Prayer

O Lord through the bowels of Thy mercy, the merits of Thy Son and those of the Blessed Virgin and of all the saints, Thy elect, look favorably upon the Church, Thy Spouse; increase in her the purity of the faith, and by the labors of apostolic men spread her over the whole world. Impart to our Sovereign Pontiff N. the abundance of the Holy Spirit, that he may be a shining light by word and example, to the people entrusted to him. Turn the eyes of Thy fatherly love to all the bishops and pastors of Thy Church, and enable them to watch faithfully over their respective flocks. Assist the parish-priests and also all priests, and enkindle in them a most ardent zeal for souls and for their own sanctification. Be propitious to all religious; help them to make constant progress in charity and in regular observance. Deign to pour out on all *civil rulers* Thy mercies, to enable them to govern with justice, to promote the observance of Thy commandments, restrain vice, and refrain from all hostility against Thy holy Church and her institutions. Impart continence to the virgins, the observance of Thy holy law to the married, forgiveness to the penitent, patience and resignation to the suffering and afflicted, support to the widows and orphans and all in need of assistance, a prosperous journey and return to travelers, perseverance to the just, fervor to the tepid, victory to the tempted, conversion to sinners, light to unbelievers, heretics, schismatics and Jews, to find the truth, and strength to embrace it after discovering it. Have mercy, O Lord, on all my relatives, friends and benefactors, and also on my enemies, whom I sincerely love for Thy sake. Finally, almighty and eternal Lord, be mindful of all the souls of the departed, especially those who have no one to pray for them, and those for whom I am bound to pray. Extinguish their torments with the dew of Thy mercy and admit them soon into Thy presence. Amen.

FROM THE STAGE TO GOD

THE DIVINE COMEDY IN THE LIFE OF EVE LAVALLIERE

A. T. ZELLER

IT WAS about 1901. A new star appeared in the theatrical world of Paris. She was called Eve Lavalliere, the Comedienne. She was a head-liner for the next sixteen years. Every theatre clamored for her services. Even the London stage claimed her. Kings and princes (in those days before the end of the World War still reckoned great) delighted to make her acquaintance. Edward VII of England, Alfonso XIII of Spain, King Manoel of Portugal, Prince Henry of Bavaria, — these were only a few of the notables who at one time or another sought to pay homage to her in person. And Eve Lavalliere could afford to snub them, if she felt that they treated her with condescension rather than as an equal.

One evening she was playing in *Le Roi* (The King) one of her greatest successes, Alfonso XIII came after the curtain had already gone up. Eve was piqued; she refused to notice him; after the performance when the king was announced, she declined to see him. Later she made gracious amends.

King Edward was passing by way of Paris shortly after, and expressed a desire to see her in *Le Roi*. Eve was sick abed. They telephoned nevertheless to ask if it would be possible to make a special appearance for the King. Eve replied: "My doctor will not hear of it; but if the King can wait another day, I shall oblige him." The King did and Eve rose from her bed to play to him.

Sara Bernhardt said to her one day: "My dear, there are more talented actresses than you, but not one that can boast your creative gift." It was this — her originality that was her predominant characteristic. More than once she startled both players and director by saying or doing the utterly unexpected. She took very little pains to master her lines. Rather, she lived herself into the different situations and the general drift of the plot, knew more or less what she was expected to say, and then abandoned herself to her natural gift for repartee. All the time she had her fingers on the pulse of the audience. For this she had a special genius. It was this that made her performances sparkle.

THE LIGURIAN

She was unique: there were other great comediennes, but there was only one Lavalliere. She came to be a recognized character.

But one does not *live* on the stage. Off the stage — what of Lavalliere? Eve's international fame had its cash value. Money flowed in from all sides. It came from her theatrical earnings and from the many wealthy friends and admirers she won. But it went as fast as it came. She made her rooms the last word in luxury. The little time she could steal from her theatrical engagements was taken up with a glamorous round of social functions. Fernand Samuel, the director of the Varieties Theatre, passed in common estimation for her husband and left to Jeannette, the only child she bore, his name and a chateau in the Vosges. But, though she continued always to think kindly of him, there was never between them anything more than that loose union of understanding and self-interest which passed for love and marriage in the smart set to which she belonged at the time.

In the midst of glamorous glory, however, mid triumphs and luxury, her private life was anything but happy. Deep in her heart were ideals: she had aspired to be queen of the Parisian stage — but when she attained that eminence, her heart told her she was mistaken. Her melancholy almost led her to despair.

Such was Eve Lavalliere in 1917 at the height of her fame. Whence had she come?

TRAGEDY

We must go back to a modest home in Perpignan — the home of the Feneglios. The father was a man of extremely violent temper; at times he fell into ungovernable rages that grew in intensity as he grew older.

One day he stormed worse than usual. He seemed to have gone out of his mind. His unhappy wife bore his invectives and reproaches as patiently as possible. This served to anger the man only the more. Eugenie, then 17, and her brother, then 20, stood at a window looking away from the dreadful scene going on in the room. Time and again they had gone through similar tragic hours.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash — a crash as of thunder — a sickening thud as of someone falling. Eugenie, frightened out of her wits, turned to see her mother stretched on the floor, blood streaming from her face. At the same instant she saw the muzzle of the still smoking revolver leveled at her. She leaped aside just in time to feel the bullet whistle by her. Her brother fled. Again the gun crashed — and,

she saw her father slump to the floor dead. The demented man had killed himself. Not knowing what she was doing — Eugenie scrambled out of the window and ran to the home of her mother's cousin, Madame Garnier. She was hysterical. Little by little they got out of her the almost unbelievable tale of horror. Eugenie was an orphan; her brother was never heard from again.

Eugenie, later Eve Lavalliere, was born on Easter Sunday, April 1, 1866. She received her early training at a Sisters' school and later went to college at Perpignan. Her childhood days were darkened by the dreadful rages of her father, — a master cutter in a costumer's shop. Frequently she had to leave home in fear of her father's violence.

Now that she was an orphan she remained with Madame Garnier — who thought that "the child of a murderer" needed a strong hand to govern her. Evidently Eugenie needed something quite different. There was in her a flame — she did not know its meaning herself — did not get to know it until the spring of 1917 — when she was 51.

From very childhood it took the form of theatrical expression. When she would run from her father's rage to the house of a neighbor, she threw herself into arranging for childish performances — improvising costumes, acting. Later when she ran away from the restrictions of Madame Garnier's rule, from the House of the Good Shepherd and from the family that took her in, and when she was thrown out on the street by her uncle — it was the impulse to go on the stage that led her on. She had the requisites: beauty, figure, vivacity, courage even to audacity.

It was while she was staying with a friendly family and working in a millinery that she got her name "Lavalliere." She could make anything look charming on herself. She made a broad white scarf out of a piece of hat ribbon one day, — embroidered a large black anchor at each end, and wore it over a navy blue sailor suit. The effect was striking. Such scarfs were known in the trade as "Lavalliere" — because affected by the famous Duchess Lavalliere, who after many years as mistress of Louis XIV, ended her days doing penance in a Carmelite Convent. As soon as Eugenie appeared at the shop this day, one of the girls cried:

"Oh-ho! La voila, Lavalliere!"

From that day the name clung to her. She was called by no other. And she was frequently content to bury the old "Feneglio" with all its gloomy and tragic associations. Later, when she was attempting to

THE LIGUORIAN

go on the stage she rejected her baptismal name of Eugenie and called herself Eve Lavalliere.

PARIS — MISERY AND FAME

Eve, as we shall call her, was an expert milliner — so deft and tasteful, in fact, that she was ever in demand by the ladies who patronized the shop where she worked. But this success did not satisfy her. A traveling troupe appeared in Perpignan and Eve decided to join. Her mistress, however, interrupted the attempt. But seeing that she could not hold the girl, she sent her off to an uncle, who kept a boarding-house at Nice. Probably because she expected to be under rather severe guardianship there — maybe just from one of her impulsive desires to "see things" — as the train stopped at Montpellier, Eve gathered her few belongings and alighted. Three days of sight-seeing and hotel life emptied her purse. She had perforce to board the train again for Nice. Arrived there, her uncle slammed the door in her face and said:

"You can go where you like. But I don't want to have anything to do with you."

Once more Eve was thrown out upon the streets. All day she wandered about. With nightfall she became panicky. She sat down on a bench by the roadside and the tears flowed unrestrained. A passer-by stopped at the sight of a strikingly beautiful girl weeping her heart out, to ask what was wrong. In her distress Eve, had lost all her audacity and was a simple, innocent girl again. She told her story to the man.

"I'll tell you what," he replied, when she had finished. "I'm leaving for Paris tonight; there's a free place for you if you care to share my company."

Paris! the very name thrilled Eve. She forgot everything else. Paris meant all that Hollywood means to a would-be film star today. Without hesitation she agreed.

But Paris was not the Paris of her dreams. There were the gilded cages for the successful, but there were the sordid haunts of the striving and the ruined. She soon found that it was full of stage-struck girls like herself risking all for glory — drifting defeated into cheap cafés — living by starving and losing all values of real life. Eve was only one of that great pathetic throng.

Still, Eve was no ordinary one. True she went through the hard and hardening experience of months and years of disappointment. But this seemed to whet her ambition. She had gifts; but hard was the

THE LIGURIAN

way to recognition and bought only at a great price—how great a price, she only realized later. From 1891 to 1901 Eve was just another chorus girl. At last the opportunity came—a secondary part, indeed, as a laundry girl, supporting the actress in the starring role. But Eve played it in such a way, that the star was forgotten, and only her brilliant performance commended in the reviews.

From that time her rise was swift. On and on she went from one success to another; on and on in her social whirl; on and on in the life that glittered and elated momentarily—yet in the end never satisfied.

Once in 1911 there was a pause. She was taken seriously sick and was brought to a nursing home conducted by the Sisters of St. Saviour. There she underwent an operation, after which her condition became alarming. Eve suspected it. Then the faith of childhood, buried all this while under tinsel and pleasure, broke out.

"Sister," she said to the nun who attended her all night, "you're anxious about me; if I must die, I am determined to do so like a Christian; death doesn't frighten me; I am a comedienne, but first and foremost a Christian."

Visitors were not allowed for ten days. Eve had time to think. Sister Urbain made a rosary for her—which she never put aside, reciting it and saying her prayers with the Sister morning and evening. Eve was a Christian. But once the doors were open to visitors,—she became again the beauty, the comedienne, worldly and fawned on by all. Was her conversion sincere? Or was she, in all her glamorous life, cloaking and choking back desires for greater things that always burned beneath the embers?

She went back to the stage. Glory came again, and momentary contentment. But as she afterwards said, it was only momentary. She had been too near to God this time.

"Even when I was at the height of my success," she said later, "I used to leave the stage a victim to a sadness I cannot describe; there were times when I wept." And on another occasion she reveals still more clearly the feelings of her soul, when she writes: "A voice seemed to follow me everywhere, saying: 'Eve, you weren't made for this sort of thing.' . . . And sometimes I despaired, even to the point of wanting to commit suicide."

As Father McReavy, in his account of Eve Lavalliere, puts it: she knew one thing now and knew it only too well; "she had tasted all

that this world has to offer, all the pleasures of money, fame, excitement, adulation, — had realized all her ambitions, all that she had set herself to attain, when as a girl of scarcely twenty years of age, she had boarded the train at Perpignan; and none of these things had brought her the slightest lasting contentment." (Fr. L. J. McReavy: Eve Lavalliere, Herder, St. Louis.)

We see something similar in the case of John Stuart Mill, the well-known agnostic of the first half of the nineteenth century. He came early to the same realization. In his autobiography, he himself records his feelings at the age of twenty-six.

"One day," he writes, "I put myself the question: Suppose that all your objects in life were realized, — that all the changes in institutions and opinions to which you are looking forward could be effected this very instant, — would this be a great joy and happiness to you? And an irrepressible self-consciousness distinctly answered: No.

"At this my heart sank within me; the whole foundation upon which my life was constructed fell down . . . I seemed to have nothing left to live for. At first I hoped that the cloud would pass away of itself; but it did not . . . I carried it with me into all companies, into all occupations. . . . The lines in Coleridge's *Dejection* exactly describe my case:

'A grief without a pang, void, dark and dreary,
A drowsy, stifled, unimpassioned grief,
Which finds no natural outlet or relief
In word or sigh or tear.'

"I frequently asked myself if I could, or if I was bound to go on living, when life must be passed in this manner. I generally answered to myself that I did not think that I could bear it beyond a year."

This was as far as he got. He never came to see the only solution in the light of eternity and the eternal truths. Not that the opportunities and the graces were not given. The Church of God was all around him. But he had been brought up in an environment where God was never mentioned; he grew up without any knowledge of Him. And like most of the young so-called scientific group of that day, he never took heed of the beliefs of others or at most condescendingly smiled at them. Many another has been and is in the same position.

With Eve it was different. When she reached this point, her life took a definite turn. True she did not at once realize what was going

on within herself. As Father McReavy says: "What she did not know was that her bitter disillusionment was the fruit of that divine grace which had been working secretly in her heart these many years."

Grace had been knocking at the doors of the heart of the agnostic too. But there was in Eve's heart a point of contact: her childhood Faith. "I am a Christian," she said, — and it meant more than she knew. By 1917, when her star was still in the ascendant, she was ready to recognize and appreciate and co-operate with the grace of God.

All she needed was to withdraw for a while from the bright lights that blinded her, — from the adulation and applause that drowned the still though persistent voice of God in her heart, — from the pleasures that still attracted flesh and blood and for the nonce still overcame the attractions of the Spirit.

That moment was at hand.

(The second part of the story of Eve Lavalliere will appear in the next issue.)

Ten Reasons Why I Swear

- It pleases my mother.
- It is a fine mark of manliness.
- It proves I have self-control.
- It indicates how clearly my mind operates.
- It makes my conversation so pleasing to everybody.
- It leaves no doubt in anyone's mind as to my good breeding.
- It impresses people that I have more than an ordinary education.
- It is an unmistakeable sign of culture and refinement.
- It makes me a very desirable personality among women, children, and respectable society.
- It is my way of honoring God who said: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain. For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

TO A MATERIALIST

Ignoble man, I hold it small
Of you, to taunt and jeer,
And spend your days in crushing out
This truth, of all truths, dear. . . .

That God has willed my Deathless soul
Shall shine before His Face,
When all your vaunted suns and stars
Are blackened out of space.

— F. Lee.

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. Hyland

It always seems to me that the one thing about being a shut-in that brings the surest consolation is the fact that it teaches one the supreme domination and providence of God before it is too late to derive any good from the lesson. All of us, that is, all of us who have any Christianity, glibly say that we believe that God ruleth all things wisely to a perfect end—but how little we are reminded of that when we are strong and capable of doing things, of directing things, of deciding things ourselves. We forget that God could do without us, or could do differently with us, or could simply let us alone, permitting us to do nothing.

But in sickness or helplessness we are driven towards the truth that God's will directs the universe and ourselves included, and no matter how many things we might prefer to have otherwise, God always does things best. Some men don't realize how completely God controls their lives until they come to die. A second or two before death they realize that their lives are not in their own hands; a second or two after death they know that they were always in God's hands, and sometimes that knowledge comes too late to avert a tragic eternity.

But when one is ill or helpless, one goes over all the possible reasons why it should be so, and then inevitably comes to the only reason that makes it bearable—that God wants it so and wants it for a reason. We do not make ourselves ill; we may have been made helpless by the carelessness or sins of others; but God permits no carelessness or even sin that cannot in some way turn out into good for someone. And so the conclusion takes possession of our souls: God selected me for this, while He lets others run the risk of not realizing that He ever selected them for anything at all.

In the end we shall all—both sick and well—see God's hand in the fashioning of our lives. The happiest of us—whether sick or well—are those who can readily and always see it now.

ESSAY ON CLOTHES

In which a plain man speaks his mind on a matter in which millions of men have been made slaves to the ugly and impractical. This may be the beginning of some new styles in men's clothes.

E. F. MILLER

THE main reason why people wear clothes is to cover the body. Concupiscence demands it and tradition approves of it. From that sad day many years ago when Adam and Eve were dismissed from the Garden, dressed in the leaves and branches they had hurriedly plucked off the nearest tree down to the present day when the babe just brought in by the stork is quickly wrapped in a sarong, everybody, young and old, has worn and is wearing clothes. Why people dress is easy to answer; but why people dress *up* is a bird of another feather.

It has always been a question for those more serious minded folk who like to find reasons for things why there is no set style in the styles that are set by Paris and New York and Hollywood. Obviously the secondary purpose of clothes is to adorn the body, to make more beautiful what already outshines all other beautiful things. A block of precious marble is in itself and as it lies uncut in the earth a thing worth looking at, a thing calculated to arouse a noble emotion. To dig it up and give it form and life accentuates and increases its beauty. So it is with the body. Uncut it is God's masterpiece. Take it down to a store and drape it in clothes and it immediately becomes brighter than the stars. If the old adage "clothes make the man" is not entirely true, it is true in this that clothes certainly add something to a man.

But that is not answering the question why there are no set molds in which styles can be formed. Adorning the human body is a kind of art, and therefore like the other arts should fit into definite and distinct categories. In architecture there is the Gothic, the Renaissance, the Florentine and a dozen or more others. When a man wants to build a church his first purpose is to cover four walls with a roof so that the people can have a place for worship. But his next purpose is to build four walls and a roof that are beautiful. So he builds a Gothic church, or a Basilica, or a temple after the fashion of the Byzantine. These

types represent universal and everlasting ideas, and though they might be improved on, they cannot be set aside as unworthy of consideration. So it is in music and painting and sculpture. Thousands of years of experience have been sifted and silted till they congealed into sharply-outlined forms that no kind of quackery or modernistic art can dislodge.

THIS holds in all arts except the art of human adornment. It is impossible to express oneself (speaking seriously, of course) in one's clothes. What could be more perfect than the power of deciding at the beginning of a season: this year I shall wear Gothic clothes to prove that my aspirations are rising higher and higher as I grow on in years. Or: I shall adorn myself in a Byzantine overcoat during the winter months to show that though I am a product of a Western civilization, still I have much of the East in me: its mysticism, its mystery. I do not mean of course that the art of dressing correctly should imitate the other arts, that men should wear arched hats like groined roofs in Gothic churches, or that women's dresses should be supported with pillars like the front porches of Colonial houses. It should have its own types, proper only to itself.

It is true, different periods have produced different styles in clothes which lasted for many years. But it would be straining the eyes very much to see any similarity between the dark and forbidding suits that men wore in the Victorian days and the beautiful pictures painted by Michael Angelo and Raphael in the Renaissance. These paintings are produced in a manner that will never die and which we do not want to die. Who would dare say that the world was not better off when Victorian clothes were sold to the rag man and who would want the rag man to bring them back and demand that we put them on again? The world is much better off without them.

But not only are most clothes not representative of any philosophy of life as are the products of the other arts, not only can they not be fit into any mold, but most of them are positively ugly. Looking at the pictures of our fathers and our mothers in the family album we cannot help but laugh long and heartily at what they thought were beautiful when they were young. Someday our children will laugh in like manner at us. I don't think anybody with sense laughs when a piece from Chopin or Mozart is played even though the composition was written long before automobiles were invented and airplanes conceived.

THE LIGURIAN

Give serious thought to what a man wears today and then try to withhold a shudder. In summer he puts on his head a straw hat as hard as a board, that shifts with every wind, that gathers dirt and dust from every corner. It's not comfortable, it's not beautiful, it's not even healthy. Pass down his face and you see around his neck a band calculated to choke him and on top of that band a piece of cloth commonly called a necktie. No one yet has been able to solve the riddle of the necktie except to say that it is most likely a relic of the days when buttons were still unknown. Something had to be tied around the neck to keep the shirt from falling apart and opening the throat to chill evening breezes. But with the introduction of buttons the necktie lost its purpose and therefore should be cast aside. Nobody can say that it is beautiful, for nobody can say it represents anything. All beautiful things represent something even though it is only an idea hidden beneath the surface. The necktie fails in this.

THE shirt is just as inexplicable in its purpose and in its beauty as is the tie. Instead of being just long enough to cover the chest and stomach, it is not a good shirt unless it drops almost all the way to the knees. A yard or two of absolutely useless material must go into every shirt before it can be a success. As an object of beauty it fails because it is never seen except in the privacy of the kitchen or just before one goes to bed. The canons of polite society demand that a man hide his entire shirt with the exception of about three inches of it under the neck, and the ends of the sleeves. This is pointless and foolish, for the shirt is not worn to keep the body warm as is the undershirt; it is supposed to be a means of adornment, a thing of beauty. How can it serve beauty if it can't be seen? Great artists don't paint great pictures for attics and dark closets.

The tie and shirt may be without end or object; but the vest or the waistcoat (as it is called by some) is the ne plus ultra of futility and ugliness. It has no sleeves and fits snug like a glove. It must be worn in the heat of summer as well as in the cold of winter. And it must always be covered with a coat. Viewing the vest from every possible angle, it can serve but two purposes: it can give a man a place for his watch and his fountain pen (it generally has two pockets in the front) and it can keep a man warm in winter. But it is not beautiful.

The coat according to custom is worn over the vest and under the

THE LIGUORIAN

overcoat. Some men prefer to eliminate the undercoat entirely and wear only the heavier and longer coat commonly called the top- or overcoat. These men belong to the poorer classes, or the forgotten classes — men who spend most of their time on park benches and along railroad tracks. Members of respectable society must always wear the undercoat no matter how great the cost in money and comfort. It must appear a strange garment indeed to one looking down from Mars or the Moon. Instead of covering the upper part of the torso and then stopping it runs half way down to the knees like the shirt, thereby encircling a man in much useless and unwanted material. The top part is folded over into what are known as lapels so that the necktie and the three inches of shirt spoken of above might be exposed to the gaze of fellow members of society. Two, sometimes three buttons fasten the coat in the front and if these buttons are left open the two parts of the coat which come together will flap like wings at the slightest provocation. On the other hand if the buttons are always fastened nothing can be seen of what is beneath the buttons. The coat is not beautiful either.

The trousers make up the last article of clothing affected by the man, and little need be said — indeed, little can be said in their favor. They incase the legs in much the manner of the straight jacket forbidding all freedom of action in games that demand a rigorous exercise of the legs and prohibiting ease and comfort in those positions assumed for relaxation. While the style of trousers is not quite as bad as it was some one hundred years ago when men wore tight-fitting pants that on pictures look like leggings with straps on the bottom encircling the arches of the feet, still they are bad enough and it is only fear of singularity that forces a man to clothe himself in so hideous a fashion. The trousers must be pressed in the front and in the back. By that we mean, a hot iron must create a razor-like edge up and down each leg from the cuff at the bottom to the belt, or a little below it, at the top. No one has yet succeeded in figuring out the significance of this, or the reason why men do not have their trousers pressed down the side instead of down the front and the back.

IN MEN'S apparel only the most elemental colors are allowed. White for the shirt, a dark blue or brown for the suit, and a bit of gray here and there if the occasion when that color is to be worn is

THE LIGUORIAN

not too formal and if not too many people will see it. The more glorious the occasion the more sombre the color. Thus at balls, dances, coming-out parties and the like, men must dress in black like an undertaker. Only in the back woods and at summer resorts can a man follow the dictates of his imagination in the clothes with which he drapes his body.

This is a very sad state of affairs, and thinkers and poets are beginning to give thought to it with the intention of applying a remedy. Some have suggested that men go back to the days of the Romans and wear once more the toga or flowing gown that swings gracefully from the shoulders down to the feet. Thus did Cicero and Caesar dress and even today a scrutiny of their statues brings a catch to the throat. But the toga has its drawbacks. Our age is an age of science. Our age is an age of inventions. Cities are packed to the very gates with automobiles; the skies are black with airplanes; thundering locomotives travel across countries at tremendous speeds. Department stores have escalators; and libraries, circular, swinging doors. The toga could hardly fit into such surroundings. Were a man to find it necessary to run for a street-car, his long robe would invariably become entangled with his knees and he would fall on his face. Also in getting in and out of automobiles and in passing through swinging doors, he would find himself faced with a grave problem. Many of the games which school boys play during recess in America would have to be banned, for togas would render them impossible. If they removed the togas, the anti-saloon league would be after them. Thus would arise an impasse.

A better solution can be found in study and deep thought by those capable of study and deep thought. The group would not be large, but sufficiently large to bring about a reformation in what needs so sorely to be reformed. Let them place the art of adorning the human body on a par with the art of painting and sculpturing and building churches. Let them take what is best in the clothes as they are designed today, and from that meagre foundation build up a style that does not shift with every wind and every moving picture, but which will be everlasting and universal insofar as it represents the ideal, the beautiful. Certainly there must be some artists in the world sufficiently equipped for this task. I do not think we shall find them in Hollywood, for the beautiful cannot very well be divorced completely from religion. They will come from some unknown corner, and they will be dreamers — and artists — and perhaps saints.

MOMENTS AT MASS

THE GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO

F. A. BRUNNER

It was the happy inspiration of the early Christians to write in swinging prose Greek imitations of the Hebrew Psalms. Two of these rhythmic canticles, the *Te Deum* and the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*, have for centuries graced liturgical offices. The *Gloria* is sung at Mass on Sundays (except in Advent and Lent) and on most feast days.

1. History of the piece:

The origins of this hymn are lost in the mist of tradition, but its structure and content leads us to recognize here an early Christian canticle like that St. Paul quotes in the fifth chapter of his letter to the Ephesians. The rhythm is not that of poetry but that of spoken prose, phrase balanced against phrase like the prose of some Hellenist orator. The theological wording is such as no writer aware of the trinitarian controversy of the third century would dare to use, for the Holy Ghost is mentioned only in the concluding phrase — and in the original Greek text not at all.

2. Its incorporation in the Mass:

Though the *Gloria* was early sung as part of the morning service, it was not till many centuries later that it found its way into the Mass. A vague and totally unreliable tradition attributes its use in the midnight Mass of Christmas to Pope Telesphorus, who died about 154, but we know that Christmas was not yet celebrated at Rome in the first half of the second century. What is certain is that about the beginning of the sixth century Pope Symmachus ordered its use on Sundays and on feasts.

3. Its sublime content:

The name "Angelic Hymn" often given to the *Gloria* fails to convey accurately the content of the canticle, for it applies merely to the introductory words taken from the song sung to the shepherds at the birth of our Lord. In reality the *Gloria* is a "doxology," a hymn of praise addressed to the Father through His Son whose priesthood is in turn extolled. After the introduction, the singer exclaims: "We praise Thee — we bless Thee — we adore Thee — we glorify Thee," one phrase adding to the other some meaning that seems to escape the poet's power to express. Next the singer turns to the praise of the Son whose pleasure it was to die on the cross for us and thereby take away our guilt: "O Lord, the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ — O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father." Lastly, the Latin translator has added a concluding phrase that makes mention of the Spirit through whom all grace is sent to men: "With the Holy Ghost — in the glory of God the Father — Amen."

OPEN LETTER

TO GENERAL FRANCO

C. DUHART

Dear General Franco:

To come directly to the point — when I say that you have been a huge disappointment, I am voicing the sentiments of a great part of the press of the United States. You have, of course, heard of that glorious, free, impartial institution called the American press.

I am afraid, General, that you have allowed yourself to be deceived by appearances — that you have formed your judgments on what you yourself have experienced in Spain. That is a policy fatal in the extreme. Because on your arrival in Spain, to lead the charge against Russian Communist power in that country, you were welcomed and hailed by the people of Spain, you have imagined that you were heading a popular movement. Because through the long months of severe warfare you have been loyally and eagerly followed by those who believed that Spain should belong to Spaniards, you have supposed that yours was a patriotic war for freedom. Because you and your troops were met, upon your entry into Barcelona, Madrid and Valencia, by mighty crowds of men, women and children, who called you saviors of Spain, who cried out that they were Spaniards once again, who wept and sobbed and thanked God as they ate the food you had brought to them in abundance — you have really thought that you were a savior and a well-loved leader of the Spanish people. Because throughout the war you tried to conduct what must always be a terrible thing with as little destruction as possible, you have felt that your conscience has been perfectly clear.

How cruelly you have deceived yourself! Had you read the American papers, written by men who in many cases had never seen Spain, but who were gifted with a marvelous vision, whose imaginations could conjure up the most gruesome details, who were so endowed with trust and confidence in human nature, that they willingly believed all the censured reports coming from Red Spain — had you read these papers I say, you would have learned the real truth.

You were cruel, harsh, bloodthirsty, a very monster of destruction.

THE LIGUORIAN

You seemed to delight in directing your heaviest guns and most destructive bombs against defenceless women and children. So much so, that there was a story running the rounds, that an American visitor in Madrid, on being warned to seek shelter from your devastating air-raids, replied confidently, "I need not fear. Those bombs are only for women and children." You were struggling against the free, democratic institutions of Spain. You were leading troops composed almost entirely of Moors, Germans and Italians. You were everything that is abominable and hateful.

Why did Americans believe all this? Because the American newspapers said so, and the American newspapers do not lie.

FROM the very moment, General, you set foot on Spanish soil to start your movement, you have been a huge disappointment to the owners and editors of American newspapers. Read the indictment against yourself and try to come to some sense of your guilt. You were fighting against a free Government which had shown its great love for freedom, by stealing the elections, by throttling the press, by silencing freedom of speech, by doing away with freedom of religion, and incidentally doing way with some 200,000 persons who were not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the glories of this new, rather strange freedom. So heinous a thing it was not to acquiesce fully in the making of Spain into a utopian, free Soviet Republic, that it was reasonably and legitimately decreed not only to kill dissenters, but in order to prove how terrible a thing was their disapproval, to torture them as well.

That was your first mistake, General, and that failure of yours to appreciate the true value of things cost you the favor of a great part of the American press.

Your movement was a reactionary gesture, an attempt to bring back the old capitalistic, aristocratic regime in Spain which ground the poor beneath its heel. You may not know it, but Spain was on its way to a glorious new order of social and economic life, when you intervened to turn it back to the degradation of former days.

With this conception of you on the printed page and in the public mind, how unreasonable it was of you to publish the following statement when accepting the post of head of the State and of the Army:

THE LIGUORIAN

"We are entering on a new historical stage with a new State in which Social Justice is rooted in the principles of our one Catholic Faith which must again give unity to our Motherland. . . . People who do not know us believe we are merely waging war and nothing more. We are also carrying out a profound revolution which is inspired by and based on the teachings of the Catholic Church."

How absolutely unthinking it was of you to give the lie to what had been said by the infallible press when you proclaimed at a later date:

"Justice, equality before the law is what we offer. Work for all, social justice without rancor or violence; an equitable distribution of the wealth of our Motherland without destroying or imperilling Spanish economy. . . . The spirit of hate and vengeance has no place in our breast."

Now General, I don't think it was a bit nice of you to say such things, when many of the papers in the U. S. A. were insinuating that your intentions were quite different.

But perhaps you proved yourself most a disappointment when the war in Spain was over and Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia all fell into your hands. Did you not know that Spain's troubles were then only to begin? Were you not cognizant of the fact that Germany and Italy were going to share Spanish rule with you? Did you not realize that you were expected to instigate a series of reprisals which should make such delightful headlines as this: "General Franco Slaughters 100,000 in Revenge?"

But, most unreasonable man, you have restored almost perfect order to the whole of Spain — your finances are stable, your economic life well balanced, the people are happy and anxious to do their part in the rebuilding of a new Spain. You have most obstinately determined to keep Spain for Spaniards and to permit no foreign interference in the government of Spain. You have most disappointingly indulged in no acts of reprisal, of vengeance.

What could have prompted you to issue the following appeal upon your entry into Barcelona:

THE LIGUORIAN

"People of Catalonia! I appeal to you not to give way to any act of reprisal, against those who have made you suffer so long. Justice must not be confounded with revenge. Our victory must be worthy. Let pardon and clemency be the true chastisement of those who have deceived you. Only the leaders have been responsible and they have fled with their booty."

And most absurd of all, you followed this up by actually showing mercy to your prisoners; by punishing only those who were convicted after fair trial of private crimes which would have merited supreme punishment in any civilized country.

The terrible penalty of your whole unreasonable line of conduct has been that the disappointed American press has refused to give you any more headlines. You have no one but yourself to blame for such a tremendous deprivation. Headlines and columns of script were yours for the taking had you only followed a different mode of procedure, had you only proved our omniscient columnists and all-wise editors true prophets. A terrible loss you have suffered, General Franco, and now you must be content with five or six line notices in some insignificant corner of our papers.

Perhaps your crowning sin, General, has been what on the face of it, almost seems to be a lack of regard for what is called American public opinion owned body and soul by the press. You must realize what a terrible breach of the proprieties is such disregard, and also how sacrilegious your apparent unconcern or coolness toward American recognition. It cannot possibly be that because American recognition came so late, and only under necessity, that you hold any grievance. Or that American recognition has lost much of its glory and glamor since it was accorded to Communistic Russia some years ago.

I would say, General, that you are probably Disappointment No. 1 to the press during the last decade.

One last bit of news before closing. I read in our papers that your friend, Juan Negrin, former Premier of Red Spain, has arrived in the United States, and I suppose will be treated to the series of banquets and audiences for his lectures he so richly deserves, Juan, no doubt, will be deeply appreciated by American lovers of democracy, and the fact that he had in his possession in Barcelona, a chest of

THE LIGUORIAN

booty saved and accumulated during his glorious "Golden Age" as leader of Red Spain only proves how truly public-spirited he was.

I might suggest that you could possibly regain the attention of the American press by a few exhibitions of revenge, but feel quite sure that you would only disappoint us again.

The Last Word

A certain gentleman, having had a tiff with his wife, cast about for some way to put her in a good humor again. Knowing that she was still addicted to crossword puzzles, he had (he thought) a happy inspiration. He ordered a bookseller to deliver to her by special messenger an unabridged dictionary. With it he enclosed a note which read:

"Darling: All the sweet, lovely, and beautiful words which I associate with you are in this big book. Oh, that I had the genius of a Shakespeare that I might weave them into exquisite phrases and sentences to express my love for you."

When he returned home that evening, his wife was not there to greet him with a forgiving embrace, as he expected. Protruding from the new dictionary he found a sheet of paper on which she had written the following message:

"I have gone to the movies with Myrtle and won't be home till late. This big book also contains all the words I associate with you. They are not sweet and lovely and beautiful. I don't need the genius of a Shakespeare to string them together to tell you that you are an abominable, blustering, crabbed, disgusting, eccentric, fastidious, gross, hateful, inattentive, jealous, kicking, lazy, morose, nauseous, obstinate, petulant, quarrelsome, rude, surly, testy, unbearable, vexatious, waspish, zylocephalic, yelping, zymotic, acrimonious, boisterous, captious, dismal, egotistical, fierce, growling, hectoring, insolent, jabbering, knavish, lackadaisical, mischievous, nefarious, obstreperous, peevish, querulous, restless, suspicious, touchy, unspeakable, violent, wearisome, xenogenetic, yawning, zelotypic, awkward, boorish, choleric, dull, evasive, fretful, gruff, horrid, irascible, jumbling, knotty, lopsided, malicious, noisy, odious, perverse, quibbling, reptilian, sneaking, tantalizing, ursine, vacillating, wrangling, xanthodermic, yowling, zigzagging, arrogant, bullying, churlish, discontented, explosive, frumpish, grumbling, huffish, incorrigible, jostling, knocking, lukeheaded, murmuring, negligent, opinionated, pettish, quixotic, roaring, snarling, turbulent, uxoricidal, vermiform, wishywashy, xerantic, yellow-bellied Zero."

QUESTION OF THE MONTH

Why does the Church forbid cremation and refuse Christian burial to those who, before death, demand it for their bodies?

The Church does not forbid cremation because there is anything in the practice directly opposed to any dogma of Catholic faith. The historical background of the law must be studied before the reasons behind it can be understood.

Neither the Jews before the time of Christ nor the early Christians ever made use of the practice of burning their dead. It was considered unseemly, especially by the early Christians, that the body which had been the temple of the Holy Ghost, the instrument of virtue, the object of friendship and love, should be subjected to such violent treatment. Thus the tradition of burial instead of burning was long established.

However the immediate cause of strict laws against cremation was the blasphemous reason given for cremation by both the pagans of early Christian days and various Masonic orders of modern times. They made use of cremation as a profession of unbelief in the resurrection of the body, saying that they would show how little they believed in the resurrection by making it seemingly impossible to restore the body out of the dust and ashes remaining after burning. No Christian who believes in the omnipotence of God has any doubt that He can restore the body from any state, even from ashes scattered to the winds; but he does resent the blasphemy of those who cremate just to mock their belief. It is to permit no support of this blasphemy to Catholics that the Church so strictly forbids cremation.

An argument often advanced for cremation by those who have no desire to mock religion is that cemeteries are unsanitary and harmful to the living because of the possible pollution of drinking water and air. It has been proved by exhaustive tests that, according to universal modes and laws of burying the dead, no harm can come even to those living very close to cemeteries. Neither the air nor the water is polluted by bodies buried six feet underground.

PIUS XII

This is an authoritative account of the career of Pope Pius XII, written by one who has spent many years at Rome. It has been translated out of the *Volksmissionar* of Germany by Rev. D. M. Cummings, C.Ss.R., of Ireland.

C. M. HENZE

THE Papacy counts in the world today. Recent events have clearly proved it:—the death of the great Pontiff, Pius XI, the period when the See of Peter was unoccupied, and the election of the new Pope Pius XII. For some weeks the eyes of the world were literally turned towards Rome; the entire world press gave first place to the interesting events at the Vatican, and the Catholic Church appeared to be truly “the mountain of the house of the Lord . . . prepared on the top of mountains . . . exalted above the hills” (Is. 2.2). Why then, we ask, do the people of the earth not understand better “the signs of the present time,” that so they may repeat with one accord the words of the Prophet; “Come and let us go up to the Mountain of the Lord and to the house of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us his ways, and we will walk in his paths” (Is. 2.3).

On March 2, 1939, Eugenio Pacelli a “Romano di Roma” (a Roman born) reached his sixty-third year, and on this very day, the first of the Conclave, he was called to the highest dignity on this earth. He was chosen to be the leader of the greatest religious organization—with its 350 million members spread throughout the world; he was chosen to be the Vicar of Christ on earth. Since the Pontificate of Innocent XIII who belonged to the Roman noble family of Conti and reigned from 1721 till 1724—therefore for a period of 215 years—no one born in Rome has worn the Tiara of the Pope.

The election of Pius XII is in every respect remarkable. At modern Papal elections the Secretary of State of the deceased Pontiff was never chosen to be the new Pope. This was the case with Cardinal Rampolla, Cardinal Merry del Val, and Cardinal Pietro Gasparri. At this last Papal election it was otherwise.

The people of Rome have a well-known saying: “Whoever goes into the Conclave ‘Pope’ comes out again as Cardinal.” This time however,

the saying proved false. After the death of Pius XI no name was so frequently mentioned as that of Cardinal Pacelli. Among all the 62 Cardinals—to whom the right of selecting the Pope belonged—he appeared to most people to be *the* outstanding figure. On the evening of March 1st, when the Cardinals were already assembled in Conclave, Monsignor Balconi, Rector of the Propaganda College asked me whom would I choose were I taking part in the Conclave. My reply was: "Without any hesitation I would vote for Cardinal Pacelli." So thought countless others, and so thought the Cardinal electors themselves who in the third scrutiny had almost unanimously—it is said—voted for him.

EUGENIO PACELLI comes of a distinguished family of jurists which has been in the Papal service for a long number of years. His grandfather died in 1902 at the age of one hundred years. His father Filippo Pacelli was Consistorial Advocate and was later Dean of the Consistorial College. His pious mother was named Virginia Graziosi.

The sons, Eugenio and Francesco, went through their elementary schooling at home under the guidance of a private teacher. They then attended a public school, the Visconti Lyceum, in the rooms of the former Jesuit institution, the Roman College. This was not quite a usual thing among good Catholic families at that time, but it undoubtedly did no harm whatever to the boys' religious disposition.

Francesco became an excellent barrister. At the protracted preliminary negotiations for the Lateran Treaty of 1929 he was the representative of the Holy See. In reward for his services he was raised to the ranks of the ancient Papal nobility. Marquis Pacelli remained until the end of his life the same zealous servant of Christ. Every morning saw him at half-past five receiving Holy Communion in the Church of San Gioacchino.

His brother Eugenio in 1894 passed his leaving examination with distinction, winning also a gold medal for Modern History. One of his college professors, Antonio Neviani, is still alive. He has described him as being a model student: earnest, industrious and very talented" (Il Messaggero March 3, 1939).

When he was eighteen years of age he decided to enter the ecclesiastical state. He did not however enroll in a Roman Seminary; on the contrary he joined the Capranica College, an institution which has

given the Church many capable sons. (This College was named after its founder, Cardinal Domenico Capranica, from Capranica near Palestrina, 1400-1458). He also attended lectures at the Papal University of San Apollinare. In the year 1899 at the age of twenty-three he was raised to the priesthood.

Young Fr. Pacelli, Doctor in Theology and Doctor in Canon and Civil Law, now took a course in Ecclesiastical Diplomacy. His own personal inclinations would have led him to direct practical work for souls. In his new sphere he began at the bottom rung of the ladder, becoming in succession Apprendista, Minutante, Sostituto, and Pro-Segretario in the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. He also taught Ecclesiastical Diplomacy for a time at the Academy of Papal Nobles, and Canon Law at the Lateran Seminary. He also became a member of the Commission engaged in the drafting of the new Code of Canon Law. Shortly before his death in 1914, Pius X appointed him Secretary of the above named Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs.

During all these years Monsignor Pacelli came regularly to the Mother House of the Redemptorists here in Rome and each week he made his confession to one of them, the renowned spiritual director, Fr. Francesco Pittocchi. At that time he already made such an impression that the Redemptorist General Procurator, Fr. Joseph Schwarz, was fond of saying: "Some day Mons. Pacelli will certainly be Pope."

POPE BENEDICT XV was acquainted with Mons. Pacelli from the time he himself worked in the Secretariate of State, and held him in high esteem. On April 21, 1917, he appointed him Nuncio in Munich, in succession to Cardinal Andreas Frühwirth, O.P., and on May 13, in the Sistine Chapel, he himself consecrated him Titular Archbishop of Sardes.

At that time the Nunciature at Munich was the only representation of the Holy See in the German Reich, and consequently was a very important and very difficult post. At that very time also the world was plunged in war and the famous peace negotiations of the Pope with the leaders of the belligerent countries in August, 1917 — receiving, as they did, contradictory interpretations — gave the new Nuncio a splendid opportunity of exercising his ability as a diplomatist.

He lived to see the collapse of the Monarchies of Middle Europe

THE LIGUORIAN

and the abrupt transition from the Monarchy to the Republic. Many changes took place, but he held his position as a spiritual leader. In the capital city of the Reich in 1920 a Nunciature was set up for the whole of Germany and the first Papal Nuncio there in Berlin was Archbishop Pacelli. While there he remained Nuncio of Bavaria until 1925.

For many years the present Holy Father remained representative of the Holy See on German soil. They were years which shall remain forever on the pages of history. To him first and foremost is to be attributed the settling of the Concordat of Bayern (March 29, 1924) and the Concordat of Preussan (June 14, 1929).

In public life the figure of this Roman Prelate who spoke the German tongue with such skill and fluency and who in his administration of Church affairs furnished clear proof of his rare eloquence was exceedingly and universally popular. At the Catholic Congress in Munich in 1922 the general body of the people did not as yet know of him; but when later on he was leaving Berlin every little old woman in Catholic Germany knew him and uttered the name Pacelli with love and respect; in fact the Nuncio on his departure was almost overwhelmed by the demonstration of love and veneration made by Berlin Catholics. The late Bishop of Mainz told me once (I think it was in the year 1928) how in his private audience with Pope Pius XI he had said: "The German Catholics are very pleased with Your Holiness's representative in Germany." In its brevity the Pope's reply was very telling: "We hear that very frequently and we hear it with great pleasure. Yes, Monsignor Pacelli is capable."

ABOUT the same time the present Archbishop of Messina said to me: "Monsignor Pacelli will have to wait a little while before becoming a Cardinal. He is equally as deserving of the honor as is anyone else. But certainly his hour will soon come. And when the present Holy Father has gone to his reward then I hope the Cardinals will unite their votes in favor of Cardinal Pacelli." So, in point of fact, it has happened.

Pope Pius XI called the German Nuncio, Mons. Pacelli, to the Sacred College of Cardinals on December 16, 1929, and assigned to him as his Titular Church the Basilica of San Giovanni e Paolo on the Caelian, which is under the care of the Passionists. From that time onwards he constantly gave proof of a special trust in him.

THE LIGUORIAN

In February, 1930, he made him his Secretary of State when this important office became vacant on the resignation of Cardinal Gasparri. To be made successor of Cardinal Gasparri, who had occupied this difficult position with such success for fifteen years and had signed the Lateran Treaty with Mussolini on February 11, 1929, was not an easy matter. It had come to pass that Cardinal Pacelli was almost weary of diplomatic work, and would have preferred a thousand times to take pastoral charge of some Italian diocese. But duty called him, and God was asking a sacrifice.

It was no great trouble to him when in the same year 1930, after the death of Cardinal Merry del Val, he was appointed Archpriest of St. Peter's; for the tomb of St. Peter and the noble Basilica arched over it were exceedingly dear to the pious Prelate.

In October, 1934, the Pope sent him his *Legatus a Latere* to the International Eucharistic Congress at Buenos Aires. Someone who accompanied him said to me afterwards: "It is quite impossible to describe the profound impression the Cardinal Legate created in the Argentine, Uruguay, Brazil and indeed everywhere, by his piety and his whole demeanor."

In a similar manner Cardinal Pacelli twice visited France; in April, 1935, he went to Lourdes in the South where at the Shrine of the Apparition of Our Lady Immaculate the Extraordinary Jubilee year of the Redemption was brought to a close by a Solemn Triduum; and in July, 1937, he went to Lisieux in the North for the solemn dedication of the new Basilica in honor of the amiable St. Therese of the Child Jesus. These visits to French soil, brief though they were, were sufficient for the former Nuncio of Berlin to captivate all hearts.

It was the same in Hungary where in May, 1938, he was the life and soul of the International Eucharistic Congress at Budapest. In Autumn, 1938, he had already visited the U. S. A. and had there become personally acquainted with President Roosevelt.

EUGENIO PACELLI has already lived many years in the Vatican. In accordance with the old custom as Secretary of State he would have had to leave at the death of his Master of the Palace; but Pius XI had forestalled this by appointing him not only Secretary of State but also Camerlengo of the Holy Church — something quite unusual.

Now he is Pius XII, entrusted with the great flock of Christ throughout the wide world; but surely he, such a wayfarer, can with more

truth than others, repeat those words of Christ: "I know mine, and mine know me" (John 10.14).

And what great advantages his extraordinary powers as a linguist will bring him! He is fully conversant not only with his mother tongue and Latin, but also with German, French, Portuguese and English.

His memory borders on the marvellous. For over an hour he has preached word for word what he had already in manuscript. Thus I heard him preach here in our Church of San Alfonso, on the occasion of the Second Centenary of the Foundation of our Congregation, on May 14, 1933; and in other Churches, on the occasion of the Canonization of St. Albert the Great and St. Conrad of Parzham. On such occasions his hearers knew not which was to be more admired — the amazing memory of the preacher, or the high train of his ideas, or his classic yet limpidly clear phrasing.

To this immense knowledge Pius XII unites extraordinary virtue. It is sufficient to observe his deep recollection at Church ceremonies to realize how perfectly the title "*Pastor Angelicus*," Angelic Pastor, assigned to him in the well-known prophecies attributed to St. Malachy, harmonizes with his character. He is a member of the third order of St. Dominic and is thus called "Fra Tommaso" — Brother Thomas. He is also an oblate of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and is proud of the fact. When the Redemptorist Bishop, Dr. Michael Paternain, met him a few years ago, he received two distinct greetings from the Cardinal. The Cardinal smilingly explained that one was meant for him as a brother in the Episcopate, and the other was intended to be a greeting from him as a confrere in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

Soon after the Papal Election the *Giornale d'Italia* published a photograph: it showed Cardinal Pacelli, a true Angel of Consolation, visiting the patients in the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, Rome, and going from one bed to another consoling the sufferers — *Pastor Angelicus*!

The great Pope Pius XI at the end of his Pontificate touched all hearts by the solemn offering of his life to God for the peace of the world. His successor has the word "peace" (*pax*) in his family name, and the dove with the olive branch in his coat-of-arms. His heraldic motto is the text of the Scriptures; "*Opus justitiae pax*" — "The work of justice shall be peace" (Is. 32.17). Hail then to the Pope of Peace! Hail Pius XII.

JOB SEEKER

L. M. Merrill

"Mister, do you think I could get a job here? I've been out of work for seven months, except for a spell now and then in the W. P. A. Isn't there something you could give me?"

"What can you do?"

"I can do almost anything in the line of work. I'm strong and I'm willing, if you'll just give me a chance."

"We can use good men. But, er,—do you go in for that union stuff? We've had lots of trouble around here and we don't want more."

"Well, I believe in unions. I've read the Pope's Encyclicals and he says that workingmen have a right to organize—and that it cannot be taken away from them."

"Oh yeah? So you want to get in with that gang of Communists that is controlling the whole labor movement nowadays. Well, you can't—"

"Mister, don't get me wrong. I don't believe in Communism. I don't want to have anything to do with Communistic leaders. All I want is a job, and a chance to get together with other men to talk over our rights. That's all."

"Sorry, buddy, I'm not going to have any racketeering unions dictating to me whether I should pay fifty cents or forty cents or twenty cents an hour. I've nothing for you."

"But I don't want to dictate to you. All I want is a job, and the ordinary things that should go with it."

"That doesn't go with it here, my lad. Now you can get out."

"Do I understand that you would give me a job if I were the type that refused to have anything to do with any union in the world?"

"You'd be considered. Now get out."

"All right. I'll go. My family is starving and I'm down and out. But remember this, if I turn Communist and millions more do the same, and turn this country upside down, it won't be because we love Communism. It will be because we hate something more. You're it, big boy. You're it."

Catholic Anecdotes



NAZI HISTORY LESSON

The director of a Nazi youth-camp in Germany not long ago was giving his first lesson in History to the young men.

"Arminius came to Rome from Germany during the reign of Augustus," he said. "He quickly grew popular with the Pretorian Guard, and the soldiers agreed among themselves to make him Emperor. But no sooner had the Vatican got wind of this than it began to intrigue for Valerius, who actually became Emperor. Arminius returned to Germany, and later revenged himself by destroying the legions of Varus." (The battle in which the legions of Varus were destroyed took place in 9 A.D.!)

A student stood up at this point, and modestly said:

"I know little about history, for I have pursued my studies in medicine. But how could the Vatican intrigue — before the death of Jesus Christ?"

It was not only the first, but the last lesson in History given by that particular instructor.

ALREADY EXCHANGED

In *His Majesty the King and Other Stories* by Josephine Quirk, a book published by *Our Sunday Visitor*, there is the story of a man who had set out to write his masterpiece. He needed some information about convent life. Through the courtesy of a friend, he visited a convent and talked to one of the Sisters. The following conversation ensued:

"Sister — I'd like you to look carefully at that house on the hill across the way. It's very beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes — very beautiful."

"I've never been inside it, but I'm sure the interior is as beautiful as the exterior."

"Well, Mr. Holmes?" She was very quiet and patient.

"Now, Sister, that home represents all the nice things in life . . . ease — luxury — wealth — refinement — culture."

"Yes?"

The man drew himself up to his full height for his final shot. It must be convincing, dramatic.

THE LIGUORIAN

"Now, Sister, suppose you could live in that house — have all the things it would offer — luxury, ease, safety, the shelter and protection it would insure from the outside world — I mean the ugly things of life." He paused as if to let his words gather momentum. "Suppose you could have all that. Do you mean to tell me you would choose this?"

"Why, Mr. Holmes —"

He broke in. "Just a minute, Sister. Please give it some thought. It's important to me." It was almost as if he would hypnotize her into giving him the answer he wanted. "What I mean is — would you still choose *this* — if *that* could be your home?"

She answered softly. "But, Mr. Holmes, that *was* my home!"

THE GREATEST POSSESSION

The life of Louis Pasteur, the great scientist, was conspicuous in the midst of the scepticism of his time by its evident and militant adherence to religious ideals.

One of his acquaintances, seeing how faithful Pasteur was to his religious duties, once remarked to him, cynically:

"You have the faith of a Breton peasant woman!"

Pasteur bowed his head humbly.

"Would," he said, "that I had the faith of a Breton child."

WHO HUMBLETH HIMSELF

Archbishop Fenelon was just about to enter his Cathedral to preach one day, when a messenger came up to him. It was the feast of the Annunciation, and Fenelon had prepared one of his eloquent sermons.

The messenger gave him a letter, and the Archbishop read it slowly. It contained the news that a book he had written on the spiritual life had been found worthy of condemnation at Rome.

Fenelon bowed his head without the least sign of rebellion. Then he entered the church, and in place of the sermon he had prepared in honor of the Blessed Virgin, delivered a masterful discourse on the Submission which every good Catholic must make to the Pope.

The people were moved to tears; and they were not slow to recognize that their Archbishop was practising heroically what he preached.

Pointed Paragraphs

O SACRED HEART!

A heart big enough to hold the condemned criminal, — the man who kidnapped the little child and then killed that child when the ransom money was not forthcoming, the man whom all the world condemns and scorns and hates, the man who walks to the place of execution alone and without a word of sympathy sounding in his ears to lighten his journey and soften his pain, the man who tried to kill the God by whom he was created —

A heart big enough to hold the young woman who has fallen in love with the fallen-away and the unbeliever, who proposes to marry him, who has been told that she may lose her faith in consequence, who has been warned that whole generations have abandoned their Catholic heritage due to just such a step as she is contemplating, who will not listen to her parents, her priests, her God, who is unconcerned about the history of other mixed marriages, who prefers temporal security to eternal salvation, who chooses the love of man rather than the love of Christ —

A heart big enough to hold the leaders of nations who have shed the blood of Christians, who look upon their sceptre only as a sword, who to further their own ambitions would tear from mother arms the young manhood of the world and make of it a holocaust on strange battle fields and in foreign lands, who would destroy liberty, steal property, and kill just men, who would deny Jesus Christ and forbid the dissemination of His doctrine —

A heart big enough to hold those millions of ungrateful men and women who through no merit of their own received the true faith and who do not appreciate it, who keep only those commandments that are convenient, who frequent the sacraments but a few times a year, who question the authority of the church in regard to her decisions on marriage, who are indifferent and lukewarm to their faith, who are dead members of the Mystical Body of Christ —

A heart big enough to hold you who have received so many more graces than your friends and neighbors, you who have cast so many of these graces aside, you who have been so cold to charity, so

THE LIGURIAN

suspicious of inspirations, so miserly in your self-sacrifice, you whom God selected for His special companion and who would not accept His friendship —

All these can find a place in the Sacred Heart — for all these the Sacred Heart does daily beat. As long as life lasts upon the earth the fire of its love will not grow cold. It is a love that warms, a love that heals, a love that saves.

But if man dies in enmity with his God, then he is expelled from the Sacred Heart, and only cold and darkness and hatred will be his eternal lot.

JUNE BRIDES

Why do most girls prefer to marry in the month of June? Perhaps because June is symbolic of the spirit in which most marriages are entered — the spirit of optimism and assurance and a love that will never grow cold. In June the flowers are beginning to bloom, the birds are singing in the trees and gathering materials for their summer homes; the very air is vibrant with promise.

But June eventually gives way to September and the wintry months that follow. The birds depart for the South, the grass once so green and fresh becomes stiff and dry, and heavy clouds hang low giving warning of ice and snow.

Nature is well aware of the deceptiveness of June and even while the sun is shining so brightly in the heavens, is already making ready for the rigors of winter. Would that June brides had the same foresight.

It is not an exaggeration to say that most brides make their wedding day and their honeymoon the criterion for their whole married life. They forget that winter follows summer and that unless this is remembered and prepared for, it will be a hard and cold winter indeed.

We do not mean to say, of course, that there is no such thing as happiness in married life. God instituted the contract and Christ raised it to a Sacrament; therefore there must be room in it for great happiness. But it is not the happiness felt on the day of the wedding. Rather it is a happiness based on hard self-sacrifice, on mutual understanding, on a willingness to overlook faults and go not fifty per cent of the way in creating a home as God would have it, but seventy-five per cent of the way. Only then will the home stand during the winter months.

THE LIGUORIAN

This foresight cannot be gained and this preparation cannot be made in a day; especially it cannot be gained and made on the wedding day. It takes long months — we might say years, of study, of pure living, of corresponding with grace in the practice of religion. Let June brides understand this and they need not fear September.

FOR THOSE NOT GRADUATING

Graduation for many comes in June. Graduation is nothing in itself — it has a past and it has a future. And the future is not so much dependent on the graduation itself, as upon the past — the years spent in building up to the day when baccalaureates are spoken and honors awarded and diplomas given to one and all.

In our American system it is possible to acquire expensive sheepskins without acquiring thereby an assured future. One can go through a certain rigamarole, be present at a long series of classes, answer certain questions with a fair amount of accuracy, receive passing grades in every branch, and yet be uneducated in the sense of unprepared for the real battles of life.

One reason is because the development of character, which means will power strong enough to dominate circumstances, is so widely neglected in homes. Another reason is because religion, which is the only adequate motivating force of character, is so widely neglected in schools. You can graduate a youth in every science from algebra to zoology, but if he has not graduated from the school of character that is the home, nor from the school of life whose principles are the principles of religion, he is bound to be a misfit of one kind or another.

This is a rather pessimistic theme to bring up on a subject that usually connotes great triumph and joy. It is not meant to be so, because we know that there are many whose graduation symbolizes an education that is thorough and complete, and such graduates will make good even though for a while they are forced to work on the W. P. A.

But we are thinking mainly of those who are not yet graduating this year. We are thinking of those who have not yet started to study in the first grade of any school. We are reminding people that education can never be carried on entirely in a school, which is only an auxiliary to the more fundamental education that must be provided in the home. We are thinking of those who can still provide an education for their children with or without religion — and who can thus decide what kind of a graduation is to be theirs.

THE LIGUORIAN

In other words, we say, let no one be received by the glamor of gowns and the pomp of ceremony and the impressiveness of diplomas alone: what counts more than anything else is not written into the awarding of degrees.

PRIESTHOOD

"Dum tempus est, cogitate! While still there is time, reflect!" These words will be said in dozens of seminaries throughout the land this month — said by Archbishops and Bishops to young men asking to be ordained. And if, after due reflection, the young men persist in their desire and their request, the hands of the Apostles will be laid on their heads and the power of the Holy Ghost will descend into their souls. They will become a nation apart, a chosen people.

"Dum tempus est, cogitate!" The life of the priest is a life weighty in responsibility and meagre in consolations and comforts. Kingdoms and empires are not at stake — kingdoms and empires that are of time and that rise and fall and are forgotten — but souls, immortal souls that have for their destiny, eternity. Let the diagnosis be incorrect, let the medicine applied be poorly chosen, and it may be that a soul will be forever lost. Lay people will have much to answer for when they stand before God's great white throne, but their judgment will not compare with the judgment of the priest. Just as severe will be the priest's life here below. As long as the priest lives on earth, his life can never be his own. He has given it to the people for whom he labors. He has no home that he can really call his own, no relatives in whom he can confide, no progeny in whom he can glory. Not even the parents who gave him birth can claim him for their own. He belongs to God and to God's people.

"Dum tempus est, cogitate!" What does the future hold for the young men who are to be ordained this month? Will their fate be that of their brothers in Russia, in Spain, in Mexico? Will their blood flow down the streets of their parish where they are wont to offer up the precious blood of the Lamb? Will their lot be one of persecution, interference, sorrow? Their courage must be the courage of the lion and their wisdom, the wisdom of the Master whose mantle will be resting on their shoulders.

"Dum tempus est, cogitate!" One good priest can do the wonders of Jesus Christ. One bad priest can lose a thousand souls.

THE LIGUORIAN

VACATION

June is the month of weddings, ordinations, and graduations. It is also the month for vacation thought. Folders, time tables, and advertisements are by now piled deep in every household, and longing eyes are being turned to World Fairs, to seashores, and to summer cottages. In just a few more weeks the great exodus and anabasis will begin.

Sombre forebodings should not be allowed to intrude on such pleasant dreams so soon to become realities. But to be forewarned is to be forearmed. To recognize danger is to forestall calamity. What dangers lie in wait for vacationers?

If one were to gather the statistics of drownings, automobile accidents, deaths from excess in seeking pleasure, that sorrowed our country last summer during the vacation months, the number would be almost unbelievable. We think that much of this misfortune could be avoided if men and women would only firmly resolve to take no chances in anything while they are away from home. Most accidents are due to the foolishness and carelessness of somebody. Accidents don't just happen.

But no matter how much care is exercised, some are bound to lose their lives in the course of the next three months. That leads us on to another thought.

Before beginning vacation, put your soul in good spiritual condition. The church is not far away; drop in the Saturday before you leave and go to confession. See to it that your children receive the Sacrament also. Nothing evil can happen to you if God is in your hearts as you drive along the highways and side roads, or paddle your canoe over the lake, or wear out your feet in seeing the Fair.

And in case something should happen to you, you will be ready. After all that is the main thing — be ready.

WORK FOR WOMEN

In the year 1892 a small band of the Society of Our Lady of the Cenacle arrived in New York City. When it was learned that they had come to establish permanent retreat houses for American women, they were abruptly told: "You may as well turn around and go back home, because American women will never be interested in making retreats."

In the quiet way of all who know they have some providential work to do, the Sisters ignored the well-meant advice and set about their work. Today they have year-round retreat houses for women in Newport, R. I., Boston, Chicago, Long Island, St. Louis, and Warrenville, Ill., and the fame of each one of these six houses is known to Catholic women far beyond the city or locality where it is situated.

Retreats are held almost every week of the year in the houses of the Cenacle. A special impetus was given to the work when the practice of holding retreats for special groups was begun: thus teachers, social service workers, married women, telephone operators, nurses, business women, domestics, factory girls, unemployed, etc., — all have retreats for their own groups. It can be readily seen that this practice draws many to the retreats who would never hear of them or be inclined to attend them if they were not made a group affair by their own fellow workers.

Working with the Sisters of Our Lady of the Cenacle are a large number of Retreat Leagues, groups of Catholic lay-women in large and small cities who make it their special aim to interest others in making retreats. The figures show how effectively these Leagues are working, because the number of women who make retreats grows rapidly from year to year.

There is now a National Laywomen's Retreat Movement, which is holding its 3rd National Congress from July 1st to July 3rd this year, with headquarters at the Hotel Commodore in New York City. Last year over 800 delegates attended the Congress in Boston.

Catholic women looking for an outlet for zeal can do nothing better than to enter wholeheartedly into this movement. It is a work that goes deeper than almost any other: it is more needed than laws and regulations; it is far more effective than any form of crusading for the spread of Christian principles. For those who can be induced to make retreats will no longer need great inducements to fidelity of Christian life and works of zeal: these will become the natural activity of every soul that in solitude and meditation has found the real meaning of life.

Opportunity

A colored minister looked over his large congregation on Easter Sunday.

"Ah realize," he said, "that there are many heah who will not be with us agin till next Easter. Ah take this opportunity to wish them a Merry Christmas."

+-----LIGUORIANA-----+

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

There are two principal obligations of parents towards their children—to provide food for them, and to give them a religious education.

A father is bound to give sustenance to his children, though they are disorderly, though they have squandered away their portion, and though they have contracted an unsuitable marriage. And why? Because they are still his children. Therefore, a father is guilty of sin if, without a just cause, he banishes a son from his house, or if at death he deprives a child of his legitimate portion, or if he refuses a dowry to a daughter who wishes to marry a person suited to her condition. But what are we to say of those inhuman fathers who squander their money in eating and gaming in the tavern, and leave their poor children in want of bread? The most savage beasts are careful to provide food for their offspring. Men alone are brutal enough to suffer their children to die of hunger!

With regard to education it is certain that the good or ill success of children depends on the good or bad education that they receive from their parents. God has instituted matrimony, that, with the direction and instruction of their parents, children may come to serve God, and be saved; otherwise they would be mere outcasts, if they had no one to tell them what to do, nor to correct and chastise them if they neglected to

correct their vices and improve their lives; for it often happens that, when admonition fails, the fear of punishment is effectual.

We see, by experience, that holy parents bring up holy children. St. Catherine of Sweden, because she was the daughter of St. Bridget, became a saint. St. Henry the Emperor became a saint because he was the son of St. Stephen, King of Hungary. Queen Blanche, the mother of St. Louis, King of France, was a great servant of God, and thus he became a saint. This good mother used to say to her son in his childhood: "My son, I would rather see you dead in your coffin than guilty of a mortal sin." I remember another good mother, whose great care was the sanctification of her children. She would say: "I do not want to be the mother of children damned in hell."

But, on the other hand there are fathers and mothers who care not whether their children are virtuous or wicked—whether they are saved or damned. Origen has justly said, that parents shall have to answer for all the vices of their children. It is unquestionably the fact that, ordinarily, parents are the cause of the sins of their children, though the children will have to answer for their own faults. Some fathers and mothers, through fear of displeasing a child, neglect to reprove and chastise him, and are thus the cause of his ruin. Barbarous and cruel fathers and mothers! Tell me now, if a father saw his child fall into the water and though the child might easily

be saved by dragging him out by the hair, were to let him be drowned for fear of hurting him by pulling his hair, would you not call that father cruel and unfeeling? Far more cruel is the father who, through fear of giving them pain, neglects to correct or chastise his children for their faults. Would it not be cruelty in a father to give to an inexperienced child a razor with which he might inflict on himself a deadly wound? Much more cruel is the father who gives money to his children to spend on their appetites, or permits them to associate with bad companions, or to frequent a dangerous house; for the greatest concern of parents should be to remove their children from the occasion of sin.

When admonition or correction is not sufficient, it is necessary to inflict corporal chastisement, especially while the children are young; for when they are grown up, it is impossible to restrain them. *He that spareth the rod hateth his son.* Parents hate the child whom they neglect to chastise when he stands in need of chastisement, and they shall be chastised by the Lord. In punishment of not having chastised his children as he ought, the high-priest Heli and his sons all perished together in one day, by the judgment of God, as we read in the Scriptures.

But a parent must chastise his children in moderation, not in passion, as some fathers and mothers do; such chastisement produces no fruit; on the contrary, it makes children more perverse. First, they should admonish, then threaten, and in the end chastise; but always with the tenderness of a parent, and not with the harshness of a galley-sergeant; with discretion,

and without imprecations or offensive words. It will be sufficient to shut them up in a room, to diminish their food, to forbid them to wear their best clothes, and, when necessary, to use the rod, but not a thick stick. Do not, therefore, touch your children while your passion continues. First allow your anger to cool, and then calmly inflict chastisement.

SINS OF PARENTS

Parents are guilty of sin against the duty of educating their children, if they do not instruct them in matters of faith, and in what regards their eternal salvation.

A parent violates his duty towards his children, if he does not correct them when they are guilty of blaspheming, of stealing, or of uttering obscene words, or if he neglects to chastise them when chastisement is necessary; and parents are bound to inquire what kind of life their children lead, what places they frequent, and with what sort of persons they associate when they leave home.

Parents are guilty of sin if they neglect to make their children receive the sacraments at the proper time, or to make them observe the festivals and precepts of the Church.

They commit a sin (and this is a double sin) if they give scandal to their children by blaspheming, or by speaking immodestly, or by committing any other scandalous sin in their presence; for a father is bound to give good example to his children, who, like young monkeys, imitate whatever they see, but with this difference, that they more readily imitate bad actions to which our corrupt nature is inclined, than examples of virtue, to which nature has a repugnance.

Book Reviews

SPAIN

Francisco Franco.—The Times and the Man. By Joaquin Arraras. Translated by J. Manuel Espinosa, Ph.D. Published by the Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Pp. 250. Price, \$2.50.

The bloody strife in Spain is over. Our American newspapers content themselves with occasional reports on the efforts being made by the Nationalist government to solve the many problems that confront it to bring back order out of the chaos left by the many months of war. Now that the strong feelings caused by the struggle have had time to cool down, the time is ripe for a calm study of the man who guided the Nationalist movement from its beginnings to its final victory.

The writer of this authorized biography of Francisco Franco is frankly Nationalist in sentiment. Nevertheless, he has achieved singular objectivity and fairmindedness in delineating the rise of his hero from a second lieutenant in the Spanish army to the heights of acknowledged head of a resurgent Spain.

Gifted by nature with a vigorous constitution, excellent talents, sane judgment, tireless industry, Franco from the very beginning of his career was motivated by a strong confidence in God, passionate love of country, complete forgetfulness of self. The long and strenuous campaigns with the Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco had schooled him in all the phases of warfare and had given him valuable experience. When his country called upon him in the hour of dire need, he was prepared to heed the call.

This new and enlarged biography has been brought up to date with the latest developments in Spain and further enriched by the addition of several useful maps and many photographs. We recommend it to all who are interested in the future of Spain.—J. A. B.

America Look at Spain. By Merwin K. Hart. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Price, \$2.50. Pages 253.

Mr. Hart visited Nationalist Spain in the course of the Civil War that afflicted

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

that unfortunate country. On returning home to the United States he wrote a book wherein are contained the impressions that he gathered as he visited cities that had been

the center of battle, homes that had been pillaged by the Reds, and churches that had been all but destroyed by vandals and haters of religion. Mr. Hart's book is a very good book, for it is unbiased and strictly objective in its appraisal of the right-doing and wrong-doing of both Loyalists and Nationalists. Its conclusion is that the Nationalists were perfectly justified in the stand they took—in fact, had they not taken a stand there is no telling where the anarchy and ineptitude of the Republicans might have led the country. There is ample proof of Communistic influence among the Loyalists before the war and during it, of horrible Red atrocities, and of the peace and satisfaction that reigned even in the middle of the war in Nationalist territory. A chapter is devoted to the propaganda that was spread over the world and particularly throughout the United States in favor of the Republicans, and while Mr. Hart can understand why and how people are deluded into believing something that is patently a lie, he cannot help but take a gentle jab at Dorothy Thomson who proclaimed in one of her columns: "I distrust all that I read and obviously must do so" and then stoutly maintained that "the Germans (fighting for Franco) bombed Guernica and machine-gunned women and children;" and also at Pearl Buck who said: "With no special knowledge of Spain I am unalterably opposed to Fascism and therefore opposed to Franco and I favor the Republican government of Spain." Comments are not given on these statements by the author of *America Look at Spain*. The latter half of the book is devoted to a comparison of the methods used by the Communists in Spain and the methods used by the Communists in the U. S. Great similarity can be seen. Mr. Hart is not a Catholic. Neither is he an ardent follower of the New Deal.—E. F. M.

THE LIGURIAN

SERMONS

The Risen Christ. Sermons on the Resurrection and the Blessed Virgin Mary. By Most Rev. Tihamer Toth. Pp. 213. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

Bishop Toth's sermons have a newer failing freshness that makes them stand out among present day literature of this type. The wealth of allusion and illustration which he has at his command lights up and sets off to advantage the truths of dogma, and yet there is nothing shallow or superficial in his treatment of these truths.

The sermons on the Blessed Virgin in the present book are especially good, for they make us see the old familiar facts about Mary in their deep inner significance and connection with the profound and lasting sentiments of mankind.

In short, we commend this book to all, whether sermon-readers or not. You will like these sermons, if you never liked any before. — B. J. C.

PRAYERS

Holy Hours for the Foreign Missions. By T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R. Dublin, Gill. 77 pages.

This is a little volume of meditations calculated to inspire zeal for the foreign missions, and prayers for the conversion of the pagan world. There is, besides the fourteen short but vital and inspiring meditations, an excellent little selection of prayers for mission purposes: from the Mass for the propagation of the faith, from the Good Friday Collects; prayers to Christ the King, the Little Flower, St. Francis Xavier; and for missionaries, for conversions, etc. It is a good little handbook for any mission-minded person. — R. J. M.

PAMPHLETS

Manner of Serving at Low Mass. Published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 6th ed. 23 pages and cover. Price, 5c.

A well arranged, handy, easily read pamphlet prepared for servers. The responses to be made by the altar-boys are all printed in bold face type. There are a number of simple and clear instructions on general points—bows, genuflections, etc.,—in the preface. Detailed rubrics are to be found for each part of the Mass in their proper places. — M. S. B.

O Saving Victim. Published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. 31

pages and cover. Price, 10c; lot prices.

This is a method of conducting or assisting at the Holy Hour compiled from scriptural and liturgical sources. The idea may be sound, but until the people have become more conscious of the meaning and import of the sources, this method will probably not be a very popular one. Arranged for congregational use. It is modeled after Matins and the theme is that of the feast of Corpus Christi. — M. S. B.

Now Every Christian Can Offer Holy Mass. By the Rev. Gregory Rybrook, Ord. Praem. Published by The Eucharistic League, St. Norbert Abbey, West De Pere, Wis. 16 pages and cover. Price, 5c.

Some thoughts on the three principal parts of the Mass. The idea of this booklet is to bring the laity into closer union with the celebrant of the Mass. — M. S. B.

Our Dead. Devotional Prayers with Novena. Compiled by Rev. Edward Lodge Curran, Ph.D. Published by the International Catholic Truth Society. 32 pages. Paper. Price, 10c.

The novena for the Poor Souls included in this booklet is that of St. Alphonsus Liguori. There is a selection of other suitable prayers; some of them are taken from the missal. — M. S. B.

The Converted Jew—"His American Inheritance. . ." By Very Rev. Frederick T. Hoeger, C.S.Sp. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 27 pages and cover. Price: single copy 10c postpaid; lot prices.

"Did you hear that little Jew talking about God?" Jacob Libermann (baptized Francis Paul Libermann) was the fifth son of an Alsatian Rabbi, Lazarus Libermann. Destined to succeed his father as rabbi, Jacob entered the Jewish theological seminary; but God had other plans. He became a Christian, entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris and was eventually ordained a priest. But not before he had helped to lay the foundations of the congregation of missionary priests known as the Holy Ghost Fathers, whose special work is for the most abandoned souls and particularly of the Negroes in Africa. An interesting and enlightening account of his life, conversion, and labors. May this pamphlet inspire others to follow his leadership. — M. S. B.



Catholic Comment



100,000 people scattered over some thirty-five miles of winding roads. . . . Colossal statuary poised about fountains and pools, fantastically colored by electric lighting . . . ultra, ultra building designs, some flat and long, some thin and high, some circular and tortuous—all painted in garish reds and greens and yellows and purples or just blank white. . . . Voices, proceeding from concealed radio amplifiers, from hawkers in booths, from robots and dogs and automobiles, from maps and panoramas and dark rooms. . . . Busses and pushcarts and motor-driven sight-seeing chairs (at 75 cents for the first 15 minutes). . . . That's the New York World's Fair. If you want a syncopated look at the world of today, which they call the World of Tomorrow, you'll find it at the Fair.



The biggest thing in the "World of Tomorrow," because it is the biggest thing in men's minds today, is business. Business—represented by manufacturers and sales agencies, by public utilities and private monopolies, by chain stores and super-colossal department stores, overwhelms the rest of the Fair. . . . At one end of the Fair is a group of buildings that beggar one's descriptive powers of magnificence. Large enough to be factories, luxurious enough to be metropolitan theatres, they are the competitive efforts of the three large automobile manufacturers to convince people that they make the best cars in the world because they can spend the most money on displaying them. One of them is said to have cost six million dollars, a sizeable sum to lift out of net income for one big splurge in these days when business is supposed to be all going to pot. . . . Enter one of the buildings. Notice the deep soft carpets. Look at the expensive furniture for foot-weary trampers. See the polished glass encasing exhibits and the spotless brass rails around antiques of the trade. Notice the army of attendants, salesmen ready to tell you the absolute perfection, the ne-plus-ultra-ness of the particular brand of automobile to which they have sold their services. Big business is selling itself to the American people.



Ride up (don't walk) to another part of the Fair. Wherever you go, big business is all around you. The Telephone Company invites you to get the habit of telephoning; the Electric Companies show you how empty is your life without their gadgets; cigarette makers show you how they make thousands of cigarettes in an hour, and will sell them to you as soon as they are made; dairy companies show you how they milk their cows and tire companies demonstrate what they can do with rubber. . . . If this is the World of Tomorrow, then Tomorrow's will be a world of monopoly in the production of every commodity used by man. You should go home convinced that the big corporations are the highest and noblest blessings bestowed on man. You will be a bit peculiar if you wonder if such a well-off world can be free.



Tiring of business, you may turn for relief to the amusement section of the Fair. About eighty forms of entertainment here clamor for your attention and participation. When we say "clamor" we do not mean whisper. Whoever invented

THE LIGUORIAN

the loud-speaker must suffer violent twinges of conscience if he is alive to walk down the avenue of amusements. Here is a man inviting you in pleading vociferations to come in and see a dozen of the most beautiful, most gorgeous, most exotic Amazons in the world. Across from him someone else insists that you pay a pittance to behold the greatest freaks ever produced by nature. Another swathes his invitation in mystery—his show is original, startling, amusing, daring—that is all the information he will vouchsafe you. It is difficult to avoid the impression that if the amusement center is prophetic of the world of tomorrow, it will be a nerve wracking world. There will be a great deal of noise, an infinite variety of appeals to curiosity, sensuality, excitement and horror; much swing music and more jitterbugging; and an amazing amount of the kind of color that is splashed on walls to attract the attention of children.

⊙

Science and Art do not fair so badly in the "World of Tomorrow." Science is largely wedded to big business, where the research departments of corporations have presented some very interesting things, no doubt chalking them up to advertising. You can see lightning and hear thunder created in a small building out of 10,000,000 volts of electricity. You can get what will probably be your first experience in television and you will find it just about perfected. Machines about the size of an extra large cabinet radio, with a screen about one foot square, project voices and pictures which are broadcast from the Empire State Building in downtown New York. Visitors to the Fair may step up before the broadcasting set, talk and gesticulate, and machines set up about forty feet away will reproduce both voice and appearance to perfection. . . . The Medical building, of course, is a veritable kingdom of Science. What you have not learned about your anatomy, and about the various diseases to which it is subject, you can learn there, if you take the time to examine and read all the charts, diagrams, pictures and explanations prepared.

⊙

The art of the Fair is considerable in volume but not equal in merit. For the life of us we cannot see how the canons of art would be disturbed if the artists had not deemed it necessary to set up statues forty or fifty feet high in the absolute nude. But there is much to make one stand and gaze in the line of art. The garden layouts, the fountains and pools, the symbolic statues before various sections, are exquisite. The murals on various buildings are well conceived and executed. There is little real architectural art that will cause any devotee of that particular art to stand in awe, and there is some that will make him want to scream.

⊙

The triumph of bathos at the Fair is the so-called Temple of Religion. The main trouble, of course, comes from the fact that the directors of the Fair had to water religion down to the irreducible minimum of beliefs on which all men can agree, which amounts in practice to almost nothing. You would not know that the Temple of Religion is a temple of religion unless a guide told you or you read it in your book, except for the fact that representations of various churches are to be found on some of the walls. However, the worst mural painting, by far, in the entire Fair, is to be found on these walls. Figures out of proportion, buildings without perspective, and in general, rather shoddy work make one feel like apologizing for religion. . . . But then, the World of Tomorrow will probably make up for this with a revival of real religion.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

Stude (to prof.): "What's that you wrote on my paper?"

Prof: "I told you to write plainer."

*

Everything that could be done to make the great unemployed meeting a success had been accomplished. A large hall and a good speaker had been engaged. When the latter arrived he seemed to be in a crabby frame of mind. Looking around he beckoned the chairman.

"I would like to have a glass of water on my table, if you please," he said.

"To drink?" was the chairman's idiotic question.

"Oh, no," was the sarcastic retort, "when I've been speaking a half-hour I do a high dive."

*

First Guest: "Helen seems to get a great kick out of whispering choice bits of gossip."

Second Guest: "Yes, she's grinning from ear to ear."

*

"Dear Tom:

"Come tomorrow evening sure. Papa is at home, but is laid up with a very sore foot. See?" "May."

"Dear May:

"I can't come tomorrow evening. I'm laid up on account of your father's sore foot. See?" "Tom."

*

"Does this package belong to you? The name is obliterated."

"No, that isn't my package. My name is O'Brien."

*

"Yes, my love, I walked right into that radio station and asked the sound effects man for a job."

"What did he give you?"

"The horse laugh."

*

"My boyfriend often talks behind my back."

"What is he, a gossip?"

"No, a barber."

*

"The editorial policy of my new magazine is quite clearly defined. I aim at the man in the street."

"So does my friend here."

"Oh, is he an editor, too?"

"No, he's a motorist."

The big-hearted stranger approached the ragged individual who was sitting on the curb, crying his eyes out. When the stranger asked what the trouble was, the ragged one wept that his father was a failure.

"Cheer up," soothed the stranger. "Maybe your father isn't a failure."

"Oh, yes, he is," sobbed the fellow. "For twenty years he's tried to make a gentleman out of me, and I'm still a bum."

*

Prof: "Are you smoking back there, Mr. Sprat?"

Sprat: "No, sir, that's just the fog I'm in."

*

"My Scotch boyfriend sent me his picture yesterday."

"How does he look?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed."

*

A motorist was helping his extremely fat victim to rise. "Couldn't you have gone around me?" growled the victim.

"Sorry," said the motorist, sadly. "I wasn't sure whether I had enough gasoline."

*

"Say, where did you get all that money?"

"Playing a horse."

"Where, at Saratoga?"

"No, in vaudeville."

*

"Miss Alice ain't home," said the colored maid to a caller. "She's done gone down to de class."

"What class?" asked the caller.

"Miss Alice gwine to be married, you know, an' she's taking lessons in domestic silence."

*

She: Want me to tell you why you can't get in the movies as a great lover?

He: Darling, I'm all ears.

She: That's it exactly.

*

"Now here's a new book for you, 'How to Become A Millionaire.'"

"But half of the pages are missing."

"What! You'd turn up your nose at half a million."

THE MISSION ANNUITY PLAN

Brings you a Life Income of 6% on your Investment
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* * *

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- 1 — By making an OUTRIGHT GIFT to the society of the Redemptorists Fathers of St. Louis, the Order binds itself by legal Contract, to pay you 6% on the amount of your investment as long as you live.
- 2 — At your death your Gift, or the Principal of your Investment, is used for the education of young men for the Redemptorist Priesthood, and for other Missionary and Apostolic works of the Order.
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- 6 — Your interest is always forwarded to you with the utmost promptness — either annually, or semi-annually, according to stipulation.
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* * *

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Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Frontier Pony Express
Kid from Texas
Zenobia

Previously Reviewed

Adventure in Sahara
Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
Adventures of Jane Arden
Almost a Gentleman
Arizona Legion
Arizona Wildcat
Blondie Meets the Boss
Boy Trouble
Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police
Burn 'Em Up O'Connor
California Frontier
Challenge, The
Charlie Chan in Honolulu
Christmas Carol, A
Code of the Cactus
Convict's Code
Dawn Patrol
Dodge City
Drifting Westward
Drums
Duke of West Point
East Side of Heaven
Family Next Door, The
Father O'Flynn
Federal Man Hunt
Fighting Thoroughbreds
Fisherman's Wharf
Flirting with Fate
Forbidden Music
Frontiers of '49
Frontiersman
Girl Downstairs, The
Going Places
Great Man Votes, The
Gunga Din
Hardy's Ride High, The
Headlys at Home

Heart of the North
Hell's House (Reissue)
Homicide Bureau
Housemaster
I Am a Criminal
Ice Follies of 1939, The
In Early Arizona
I Was a Convict
Jones Family in Hollywood, The
Kentucky
Last Warning
Let Freedom Ring
Little Adventuress, The
Little Orphan Annie
Little Princess, The
Lone Star Pioneers
Long Shot, The
Mexicali Rose
Mikado, The
Mr. Moto in Danger Island
Mr. Moto's Last Warning
Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation
My Wife's Relatives
Mystery of Mr. Wong, The
Mysterious Miss X, The
Nancy Drew Reporter
Navy Secrets
Night Riders, The
North of Shanghai
North of the Yukon
Orphans of the Street
Outlaws' Paradise
Paris Honeymoon
Peck's Bad Boy with the Circus
Phantom Stage
Pirates of the Sky
Pride of the Navy, The
Ranger's Round-Up
Red River Range
Renegade Trail, The
Renfrew of the Great White Trail
Ride 'Em Cowgirl
Rio Grande
Rolling Westward

Rough Riders Round-Up
Secret Service of the Air
Silver on the Sage
Shine on Harvest Moon
Six Gun Trail
Smashing the Spy Ring
Smiling Along
Society Smugglers
Song of the Buckaroo
Songs and Bullets
Songs and Saddles
Spirit of Culver, The
Stand Up and Fight
Storm Over Bengal
Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The
Strange Case of Dr. Meade, The
Streets of New York
Sundown on the Prairie
Sunset Trail, The
Sweethearts
Swing, Sister, Swing
Terror of Tiny Town, The
Texas Stampede
Texan Wild Cats
Thanks for Everything
Three Smart Girls Grow Up
Thundering West
Tom Sawyer, Detective
Torchy Blane in Chinatown
Tough Kid
Trigger Pals
Trigger Smith
Trouble in Sundown
Up the River
Water Rustlers
Western Jamboree
While New York Sleeps
Wild Horse Canyon
Wings of the Navy
Winner Take All
You Can't Cheat an Honest Man